

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

ART. I.—THE THEORY OF A PERSONAL DEVIL.

The Mystery: or, Evil and God. By JOHN YOUNG, LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

WE are unable to attribute any high merit to Dr. Young's book. We cannot perceive that he manipulates the mysterious problem into any more intelligible or less distressing form than it had when he approached it. He presents the ordinary considerations in the trite methods, without a spark of striking originality, power, or beauty. It is wearisome and unprofitable work. That portion of his volume in which he considers "physical and moral evil in the light of reason," is healthy, full of common sense, in accordance with science and philosophy, though its subject-matter is repeated here as it has been a hundred times before. But the portion where he considers "physical and moral evil in the brighter light of revelation" totally reverses the spirit and conclusions of the preceding part, and exhibits a painful abnegation of reason in abject submission to the authority of tradition.

In calling attention to the theory of a personal Devil, we desire to look fairly at the facts in the case, to seek their true explanation, and ascertain what import they have for us.

The fact that most broadly confronts us in the outset is the numerous varieties of form in which the belief in a personal Devil has appeared, and the remarkable extent to which it has prevailed in the world. The Egyptian Typhon, who dried up the Nile and blasted the fertile country with his breath; the

Iranian Ahriman, author of blackness and filth; the Scandinavian Loki, concentration of mischief and malignity; the Mohammedan Eblis, who, refusing through pride to obey Allah, became the king of hell and the arch-enemy of the human race; the Israelitish Satan, lying serpent, who compassed the fall of the primal pair, and is the indefatigable contriver of sin and woe; the Christian Devil, dread antagonist of God, compacted of guile and hate, who, impersonating no exclusive nationality, in the diffusion of his believers through many countries has taken a tinge from every creed, and a trait from each of his predecessors and counterparts in the pagan faiths, while preserving the central attributes distinctive of his Oriental origin;—these are the chief forms taken by that belief in a personal Devil which has obtained such continual acceptance as to entitle it to be called one of the cosmopolitan beliefs of mankind. For, in addition to the marked shapes given to it by the principal people represented in literature, every savage tribe has something rudely corresponding,—some horrid equivalent, before which they deprecatingly shudder,—some analogue of the diabolic personification.

It is the purpose of this article to discuss the foundations, not to exhibit the detailed history, of the belief in a personal Devil. Still, a bird's-eye view of the historic elements and development of the ecclesiastical doctrine of Satan may aid us in our survey. First,—after those pre-historic superstitions of the barbaric mind which have transmitted into the opinions of more rational times no philosophic formularies, only germinant influences,—we have the Persian personification of the principle of darkness, hate, and corruption. During the Jewish captivity at Babylon this was brought into connection with the Hebrew idea of Sheol, or a subterranean world of the ghosts of the dead. The result thus reached was subsequently, by Pharisaic and Cabalistic theorizings, developed into, or joined upon, a doctrine of the fall of man, and the incurring of death and the penal gloom of the lower realm of shades. These conclusions, still further complicated with the Oriental speculations concerning evil genii and the transmigration of souls, mixed with Platonic theories, the Greek and Roman notions of Pluto and Hades, Mors and Ere-

bus, seethed into a more composite mass of faith and fancy at Alexandria, and reacted on the Jewish mind at Jerusalem. From the vast confluence of ideas and beliefs which met in primitive Christianity, the materials pertaining to this particular, aggravated by a large infusion from the Manichæan heresy, were taken up and wrought out by the early Church fathers into the forensic scheme of perdition and redemption so familiar to the student of Christian theology; — namely, that Satan in the fall of Adam obtained the souls of all men as his prey; that Christ died to ransom them, descended and fought a victorious battle with the arch-enemy, broke the fatal spell by his resurrection, and established the rite of baptism as a redemptive seal, blotting out the diabolical mortgage. This exciting scheme of imaginative belief, wedded to the Gothic superstitions concerning magic and evil spirits, when Europe became Christianized produced the mediæval doctrine so pronounced and copious in romantic and ecclesiastic literature from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Since that time the portentous dogma has suffered badly from the shocks of science and philosophy, has been fading and lessening in the air and light of wholesome labor and common sense. Such are the chief *momenta* in the historic course of the faith in a personal Devil.

In view of this multifariousness of mode and this extended prevalence, we are, in the natural process of our minds, at once accosted by the questions, How did the belief in a Devil originate? What first suggested the idea of an impersonate Spirit of Evil? And what influences conspired to give that idea lodgment and seat, such a lofty throne and so tremendous a sceptre as we see it has had in the history of man? To answer these inquiries satisfactorily, — indeed, to give them any genuine answer, and not a mere verbal evasion, — a little philosophical explanation is necessary of the operations of the human mind in the formation of theories to account for the phenomena that greet it. The matter may appear somewhat obscure and difficult at first, but if the reader will have patience it will soon become clear.

The conscious experiences of man — his ideas, feelings, beliefs — depend on his being in relations with outward realities,

— with objects, appearances, events, other beings. He would be incapable of any experience were he not himself a force and susceptible to other forces. The realities, the forces and appearances, of the universe act on him, and he reacts on them. And thus — as far as our present object requires the analysis to be carried — his experience is made up. Now, different forces and appearances, different objects and events, act differently on him, in accordance with their varying natures. The crash of a thunderbolt affects him in one way, the song of a lark in another; the quality of honey in one way, that of wormwood in another. He also reacts upon things differently in response to their various effects upon him. He opens his breast to the bland sunshine and the cool breeze with confiding pleasure; he cowers and covers himself from the freezing tempest with disliking pain; he shrinks from the coiled rattlesnake's fang with horror. But not only does the human consciousness react upon things differently in accordance with their different qualities and relations to it; that reaction also varies, when the outward action is the same, according to the varying states of the man, the peculiarities of his constitution, his moods and whims, his transmitted tendencies and his education, his excitement or stupor, health or disease. Here, it will immediately be seen, a disturbing element of wide reach and fatal import is introduced, the workings of which we will now proceed to illustrate.

When everything is normal and harmonious, the action of realities upon us is in quantity and quality precisely proportionate to those realities, and conveys to us exact reports, deposits in us the truth, of those realities as they are, so far as we are concerned with them. For instance, under such circumstances, the rumble of a distant cart is recognized as the rumble of a distant cart, and not mistaken for rolling thunder; a tree-stump dim in the dusk is taken for an obscure tree-stump, and not supposed to be a bear. Furthermore, when everything is normal and harmonious, the reactions of our minds upon realities are precisely proportionate and concordant with the realities. Then the substance of our experience is truth, and its form is health; our organism is in perfect functional correspondence with its circumstantial

laws; our life is a harmonized fruition of the medium in which, and the forces by which, it subsists. But when by any cause this happy normal equilibrium is broken, when, through organic disease or transitory perversity, discord is brought in, then a wild perturbation commences; as far as it extends, all is flung out of its right relations and into confusion; falsehood, deformity, delirium, begin to reign where truth, beauty, and reason had before governed.

Another form of statement, and the help of some illustrative specifications, may make this clearer. When the reactions of the mind are in exact accordance with the actions of the given objects, that is, with the phenomena presented to us, the results registered in memory as ideas and beliefs are precise mental equivalents of the facts; they stand to us afterwards as perfect representatives of the facts. When the reactions of the mind, from want of energy and connection, are not up to equilibrium with the facts, then, partially subdued, baffled, it is full of unrest, anxiety, vague bewilderment, but ever repeats its attempts to grasp a solution of the problem, and will not be at peace until it has registered in the brain some formulary which, however inadequate to the facts, being all that it is adequate to, seems to it the genuine answer and equivalent. When the reactions of the mind, instead of just touching that equilibrium of consciousness with phenomena whereof truth is the balance-beam, and instead of swinging below it in that baffled suspense whose final deposit and poise is incompetent folly, vibrate high above it in consequence of an excess of uncoördinated energy or crude eagerness, the result is superstition, something aside from and additional to the truth; the abnormal idea or belief then left in the brain to be used as the mental equivalent of the facts, is a monstrous exaggeration. For example, in the first instance, the idea in our mind of an oak-tree produces the same effects on our organism, only in a fainter degree, as the veritable tree when we stand before it. In the second instance, our idea of the tree is a dim, inadequate, forceless representation, a vague image of a fading branchy mass, incapable of producing its due effects. But in the third instance, our idea of the tree is so inordinately vivid as to produce more than the proper effects of the original itself; the excess of

intensity registers itself in a surplus product, takes the stamp of our personality, adds to the arborescent form of wood a volitional spirit of life. Hence the faith in dryads. When the ancients undertook to explain the cause of the planetary movements, the task was too severe for them; baffled of the true explanation, they yet managed to satisfy, or at least to quiet, their prying minds by the somewhat arbitrary supposition that the planets were gods, serenely walking their skyey rounds. But when Sir Isaac Newton, aided by his great predecessors, and armed with the calculus, essayed the problem, his hypothesis of gravitation reached to equilibrium with the phenomena, was an accurate mental equivalent for the facts.

The human mind in all conditions—from the Digger Indians who burrow in the ground and eat vermin, to Plato and Leibnitz who geometrize the creative plan and gauge the contents of infinitude—will try to solve the great problems of nature and life. The character of the solutions attained will always depend much on the qualifications of the attempting mind. The operations of the savage mind in the purely barbaric state are simple and excited, instinctive and unreflective, to a degree scarcely intelligible to us. They knew very little of the complex and critical processes so familiar and so important to us,—the processes of inter-comparison whereby we are accustomed to neutralize mistakes and rectify conclusions so as to secure equilibrium with the standard of truth at last. Logical consistency, indispensable to us, is nothing to them, if the result only happen to appease the dominant impulse for the moment. Accordingly, in those early times and among those unscientific people where the germs of all great popular superstitions had their birth, the mind was quite at the mercy of caprice and fortuitous conditions for its beliefs. Scarcely any peculiarity of barbarous tribes is more marked than the astonishing predominance of the imaginative faculty in their mental constitution, their incapacity for an accurate discrimination of fact from fiction. The thought of the philosophic scholar goes back to a people and an age when such notions as are portrayed in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and the Tales of the Genii were received with as implicit a faith as that now rendered to our books of chemistry and geography.

Under such circumstances, it is obvious how easily any dogmas of faith, however incongruous and frightful, might spring up and get admission. When the brains of men are in a chronic state of suspicion, pride, lust, wealth, hate, and terror, — motivated by the evil passions of savages, — of course their demoniacal reactions will eventually register in their memories a demoniacal set of ideas and beliefs. A crop of devils will spontaneously spring into being.

Bearing in recollection the preceding principles, we are prepared now to answer the question, How did the belief in a personal Devil originate? It is the perverse and inadequate solution of the problem of evil arrived at by crude and unbalanced minds. It is the result reached by the discordant reactions of unphilosophical and over-stimulated minds upon alarming objects and painful influences. An untrained mind, not fortified, restrained, and guided by logical discipline, at any startling representation losing its equilibrium with the facts, helps out its inadequate and baffled reaction by calling to its aid in the effort associated masses of its familiar experience, — or carries along with its mettlesome and excessive reaction a predominating mixture of its own elementary forms and passions, — and, spreading these from the known, of which they are the equivalents, over the unknown, takes them as the equivalents of that also. Thus we find the Norse hell cold and venomous, full of rocks and ice; the Greenland heaven abounding with whales, walruses, and birds, easy for hunters: but the hell of tropical countries full of fire and thirst, their heaven supplied with rosy bowers, marble fountains, and lovely houris.

The theory of a personal Devil arose just as the conceptions of all the other fabulous personages of the popular mythologies of the past arose; that is, from the perverted reactions of incompetent minds on the forces and appearances presented to them. Before science has classified the objects of the universe in orderly groups, and before philosophy has arranged the workings of things, the sequences of events, under general laws, the mind, unequipped with relevant lore and undirected by appropriate logic, of course must answer every inquiry that confronts and goads its curiosity according to the materials

and the forces it possesses, according to the data and the motives within itself. Men in such a state are conscious of the force wielded by their own wills. They know that they move by their own volition, and move other objects, and adapt means to ends, execute designs, do all sorts of things by their wills. This force of will impelled by thoughts, passions, love, hate, is the only force they immediately know, and this is made known to them by instantaneous and unequivocal consciousness. Under these circumstances, when they see objects with no life or force of their own moving and producing results, see all around them means adapted to ends, see innumerable designs of blessing and of ban, of beauty and of horror, wrought out in every part of the creation, and all this with no apparent cause, they instinctively attribute it all to beings like themselves, only invisible and more subtle and powerful, beings with thoughts, passions, and intentions, conscious wills. They must do so; there is no alternative; this is the only kind of cause they can conceive. Thus arises every sort of supernal and infernal personage entering into the fabric of the historic mythologies.

The primitive man, looking out over the world, contemplating alike its calm and beautiful phenomena and its portentous and frightful phenomena, the contrast and apparent conflict of sunshine and darkness, calm and tempest, summer and winter, devouring earthquake and blessing harvest,—looking out also over the mixed and contradictory ingredients of human life, its sacred prosperities and virtues, holy peace and joy, its dire convulsions of agony, crime, disease, madness, death,—no wonder he carries the only forces and motives known to him—intelligence, will, love, hate—up to the sightless causes of all this, and believes that conscious beings preside over every part, and recognizes in each blessing or calamity, each beauty or horror, a token of supernal favor or frown, an effect of benignity or malice. Whatever seemed lovely and beneficent was the work of a benevolent being, a good power, a god; while whatever seemed ugly and injurious was the work of a malevolent being, a bad power, a devil. In the tendency of the mind to group, co-ordinate, simplify its results, and at length to reach unity, the swarming throng of deities named in poly-

theism finally centre in the Supreme God of monotheism; and by the same process the crowd of demons are gradually collected into one crowning Devil. The correctness of this analysis and explanation is demonstrated by the history of mythology.

Let us sum up the conclusion thus far in a brief statement. The conception and spiritual form of a Devil are given in the disproportionate reaction of the mind on the portentous phenomena of nature and the painful sensations of the soul; and the *animus* or character is furnished by the involuntary *projection into that form*, by the believer, of his own passions when he does evil things. For example, he murders an enemy in hate and rage; afterwards, seeing a man struck dead by lightning, he attributes similar hate and rage to the personified cause and wielder of the lightning. There is such an amount of diabolism in men that we need not wonder how man has come to believe in a Devil. The devilish material in our breasts flings its shadows athwart every landscape of life, and those shadows naturally adumbrate in gigantesque the shapes of the beings who fling them. Were there no opaque mass of evil in us, we should perceive no Satanic shape of evil looming in the sombre spaces of nature; as stood there no man in the light on the mountain-peak, no spectre of the Brocken would be seen, afloat in the air, hovering in Titanic outline above the valley.

The conception of a colossal Devil, the personal embodiment of all wickedness and malice, being thus lodged in the mind as a solution of that problem of evil which is constantly confronting us in some form or other, is at length registered in the memory as a fixed belief, through the combined force of four secondary causes, which operate to strengthen, to spread, and to perpetuate it. First, it is fostered, in accordance with the law of habit, by the repetition of the act of belief on each recurrence of the problem it is imagined to solve. The oftener any mental act is performed, the deeper groove it wears for itself in the brain, the stronger grows the tendency of the nerve to repeat it, the more nearly the function approaches to spontaneous performance. Now, the idea of a Devil as the author of evil once admitted by a man, every time there is brought to his experience any manifestation of evil not otherwise obviously

explicable, any earthquake swallowing a village, conflagration of a city, fearful depression of spirit, ravaging pestilence, shocking outbreak of crime, any mysterious calamity or omen, instantly the image of a diabolic impersonation rises in his fancy in the relation of cause to effect, and by the repeated emergence of the idea in belief it grows deeper and vivid.

Secondly, such a belief acquires an increased diffusion and tenacity of hold from its striking convenience as a makeshift, or evasion of questions too profound and complicated for ready solution, and yet whose importunate presence and clamor must in some way be quieted before we can have peace. This is a deep and singular characteristic of the mind of man, that it must give some kind of a solution to every problem which strongly interests it. When it alights on an answer which calms its own restless reactions, it is content, no matter how utterly inadequate to the facts, how absurd in itself, that answer may be. Thus some of the ancients, wondering what was the nature and cause of the Milky Way, concluded that it was an old disused path of the sun, and that the gleaming strata of stars seen there were the splendid specks and dust still left on the deserted road from the burning chariot-wheels of the mighty traveller. A yet more emphatic instance is that of the poor Hindoo, who asked a Brahmin what the earth rested on. On the back of an elephant, was the reply. And what does the elephant stand on? On a huge tortoise. Ah, that is it, said the inquirer, perfectly satisfied. The reaction of his infantile mind reached no further, and of course he was quieted. Now no problem is more frequently presented to man than that of evil in some one of its endless shapes. No problem interests him more intensely. No problem, to the ordinary mind, is harder of real solution. Accordingly, it is easy to see how powerfully and how widely any plausible formula seeming to meet the exigency with promptness and with simplicity would recommend itself. Just that formula we have in the theory of a personal Devil. Does the inquiry, What makes yon eclipse, portentously darkening the sun at noon? What aroused the spirit of jealousy and pride between those two diplomatists or kings, and produced this war with all its sumless horrors?

Whence arise these fell emotions that tear my breast, these mystic misgivings that so unspeakably oppress my soul? Who engendered the hate that burst into that shocking murder? What could have induced that good man so strangely to forfeit his honor and become a despised renegade?—does any one of the ten thousand questions like these perplex and perturb a man? There is the idea of a ubiquitous personage, who, with limitless means and presence of power, works against God, interferes to mar and blast the beneficence of nature, plots to seduce the loyalty and undermine the happiness of man. This dire image lies ready at hand. It is so compact, so convenient, seems so nicely to fit the exigency, that the tentative reactions of the mind, groping about in anxious perturbation, spontaneously clasp it, shudder into repose, and for the time there is content.

In the third place, the belief in a personal Devil is immensely strengthened by the weight of authority. Sacred teachers, priestly guides, looked up to with docile awe, inculcate it as a dogma which must be accepted without criticism. It is announced as a fragment of revelation in holy books regarded with entire veneration. The great poets, like Dante and Milton, whose strains sink into the imaginations of the people,—the great vernacular authors, like Bunyan and Defoe, whose compositions are familiar as household words to the masses of men from the credulous days of their childhood,—all embody it in their works, and heap about it quantities of the most appalling, piquant, amusing stories, images, and myths, appealing with great power to the faculties of wonder and wit. There is scarcely any end to the narratives surcharged with all the fascinations of faith and fancy, fun and terror, narratives embodying accounts of the Devil's doings, and copiously circulated among all classes, fair specimens of which are "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," "The Terrible Story of the Mysterious Spaniard," "The True Narrative of the Devil and Tom Walker," "The Marvellous Tale of Peter Rugg, or the Missing Man," and "The Wild Huntsman of the Tyrol." Whole generations trembled at the accounts of the Walpurgis-night revels of witches and fiends on the Blocksberg. A rich storehouse of such legends

is the chapter on the Devil in Grimm's German Mythology.* Thus the idea of the personage called Satan early acquires a familiar place in memory as an authoritative belief, tenaciously associated with whatever is venerable and commanding in the names of great authors, the pages of holy writ, the old voices of tradition, and the fresh announcements of the corporate Church.

The belief in a personal Devil has been fortified mightily by still another cause; namely, social habit, the gossip that fills the daily air, the epidemic contagiousness of fashion and conformity. The multitude of mankind no more work out their own beliefs, or decide the form of their own opinions, than they discover and arrange the scientific knowledge imparted in the schools, or determine the cut of the dresses they wear. They accept certain opinions because others accept them. They think, feel, talk, in a certain way, because previous generations have, and their neighbors do. In Arabia they wear turban and robes because their fathers wore turban and robes. In Europe they wear hat and pantaloons because their fathers wore hat and pantaloons. It is the same in the inner world of thought and faith. Doctrines rooted in the receptive imagination of bygone ages, handed down to the present with all the prestige of organized establishment, current profession, and observance, bear the same interior sway with the mass of society that fashion wields in external matters. It requires more independent earnestness of reflection and conscientious heroism of purpose than are usually furnished, for a man to break his moorings to the average custom and opinion, and openly reject a fundamental point of the public faith. It is natural, easy, comfortable; every lazy instinct, and every selfish instinct, and many a tender sympathy, too, prompt him to think as others think, hold by what is handed down and established, as others do. Conformity is one of the most pervasive powers of the world. He is a bold and strong man who does not

* Part III. of Grasse's *Bibliotheca Magica et Pneumatica*, "Lehre von Teufel," with the Appendix to it, gives the titles, with the places and dates of publication, of about a hundred and fifty volumes on this subject, in which the curious reader may find ample materials for entertainment and reflection. For instance, in 1750 John Melchior Krafft published at Hamburg "A detailed History of Exorcism, or the Conjurament of the Devil, by means of Infant-Baptism!"

yield to it. It requires a genius to leap out and defy it. For how many centuries the postulate of the central position of the earth, and the revolution of the sun around it, was universally taken for granted! He was an intellectual genius and hero of the highest order of audacity who first dared to assume the opposite opinion. So, in the faith of the besotted millions of the East, the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul seems imbedded with an organic inveteracy. So the whole air of Christendom, in the popular faith of the Middle Age, was loaded with the diabolic presence. The insane felt him in their ravings; the sleeping saw him in their dreams; the peasant shuddered at his fancied shadow in the forest; the baron started at his surmised whisper in the rustling arras; Pope Gregory often conversed with him in bodily presence; Martin Luther, long tormented by his disturbing visits, in a moment of hallucination flung his inkstand at him; even Melancthon threatened one of his pupils with a dungeon and chains if he dared to question the Satanic personality;—virtually all teachers taught, and all people credited, his being and his vast agency of ill. As late as the year 1797, a book was published in German, called “The Invisible Observer, or Man and Devil in Company,” based on the belief that Satan secretly accompanied men everywhere, watching a chance to get them into his power. The faith thus rooted we in a degree inherit. The theory of a personal Devil, accordingly, comes within the range of the tremendous power of conformity. It is so ostensibly prevalent now because it has been so really prevalent before, and because we are indoctrinated with it in every form of education, from the pointed application of picture, ballad, novel, epic, catechism, and sermon, to the immense saturation of social establishment and fashion.

We have now seen how the theory of a personal Devil originated, and how it has obtained such a wide prevalence in the belief of mankind. But a more important inquiry is, Does this theory embody a truth or a falsity? It is the result of an attempt to solve the problem of evil. Is it a correct or an erroneous solution of that problem? It is a baffled attempt, a falsity, a mental phantom, and no solution at all. Instead of answering the question, it simply removes the question one

step farther off, and wins a factitious peace for the mind, not by overcoming, but by eluding, the genuine problem. By the supposition of a Devil, it is plain that we evade, instead of explaining, the origin of evil; for then the Devil is the evil, and we ask how his existence is to be accounted for. To say the Devil is the cause of evil, and be content with that empty piece of verbal dexterity, is like asking what the elephant stands on, and being perfectly acquiescent with the oracular response, "The tortoise, you know!" Probed and provoked by the persistent demand, "Well, but what then supports the tortoise?" In other words, "If the Devil originates all evil, how did the Devil originate?" And attempts have been made at a reply. First, it is said that far back in the ancient periods of eternity, before "the wild time had begun to coin itself into calendar months and days," a great angelic leader rebelled against the Supreme, seduced a throng of his compeers to join him in his impious design, was hurled out of heaven with them, and became the arch-apostate of the universe. He gathered all bad spirits under his banner, moved down to the nether region of space, and there set up an empire of blackness, fire, and horror, the antitype and antagonism of heaven. Thence he emerges, and prowls abroad to execute all manner of mischief. Obviously there is nothing scientific or philosophic, nothing reasonable, coherent, and sober, in this scheme. It is a purely arbitrary freak of fancy, merely an attractive bit of poetry. It takes its rank at once with the other striking fragments of mythology, — Scandinavian Hela and Nastroud, Persian Ahriman and Dutzak. The irrationality, the futile irrelevance of it as a representation of truth, appear herein, that it starts with the object of quest in its hand, and ends just where it began. Seeking the origin of evil, it says the Devil is the cause of it. Then, seeking the origin of the Devil, it says, Evil, pre-existing, led him to rebel and fall, and thus become the Devil. An absurd medley, — fair material for imaginative attraction and poetic handling, but the opprobrium of reason and the scoff of logic. The other answer which has been offered is, that the Devil never originated at all, but is the uncreated, everlasting Principle of Evil, the nadir of that infinite pole of being whereof the zenith

is God. Is not this likewise an arbitrary conceit of the speculative faculty,—a reaction of the mind into the abyss of fantasy, upon no correspondent reality? It is like Shakespeare's "dagger of the mind, a false creation" resulting from the abnormal reaction of an oppressed brain. Who can possibly know any such thing? And it cannot be pretended that any such proposition has been given by revelation, and is in the Bible. What text of Scripture affirms the existence of an uncreated and everlasting Devil? It is a wild leap of the imagination. It contradicts the infinity and omnipotence of God, thus to give him a co-eternal opponent and invincible negation. In fact, the origination of the theory of a personal Devil is not so much to be accounted for as a conscious attempt at the explanation of evil, but rather on that principle of reverberation and symmetry which has played so cryptic, yet important, a part in the formation of mythologic opinion. The mind, whenever it sees or imagines anything on one side, by a profound instinct spontaneously demands a correspondence or equivalent on the other side, and is distressed if the missing proportion and balance be not furnished. Thus hell is an infernal echo in the pit of what heaven is the celestial opposite to in the sky, and the idea of Satan is the inverted and antithetic reflection of the idea of God. In the Middle Age this was partially recognized, and in one of the favorite forms in which the Devil appears in the mediæval legends, he is consciously represented as a parody of God. He even has a mother who diabolically mimics the Virgin Mary. Dillherrus published, at Nuremberg, in 1640, a book called "The Devil the Ape of God," — *Dei Simia Diabolus*.

The fatal refutation of the hypothesis in question is, that it has no supporting basis, hangs on the air of wilful assertion. There is no evidence, not a scrap or hint, of the existence of such a being. There are no traces of positive and designed evil in the creation,—pure evil as such. All evil is the limitation or the perversion of good, a necessary condition and accompaniment of a finite system of things progressing towards perfection. There must be an adequate force or cause that produced and sustains and governs the universe; and so we cannot avoid the theory of a God. But since all evil can

be accounted for by the necessary limitations of good in the complicated changes and contingencies of a finite world, there is no need of the theory of a Devil, no room for it. It is wholly gratuitous. A special illustration may set the justice of this view in a clearer light. We behold a nail-machine in operation, rattling out a hundred nails a minute. In trying to account for that machine, we cannot avoid the supposition of a man of inventive genius. But we do not need to suppose another man opposed to the former, to account for the friction and clatter, wear and tear, of the machine. These are the accompaniment of its operation. So, while we must suppose a God to account for the universe, we need not suppose a Devil to account for evil, or the friction in the working scheme of the universe. Nearly all the greatest thinkers in the history of philosophy have agreed with Plato and Augustine, that evil is a privative condition, not anything positive,—a negation, not a substance,—a defect, not an end. Limitation is the true Devil. To quote from Epictetus, "As a mark is not set up in order that the aim may be missed, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world."

Evil, then, is not the positive work of a Satanic personage, but a limiting accompaniment of the plan of the creation, an inevitable part in that plan. Why some different plan was not adopted, it is beyond our power to know. But the plan being such as it is, evil is unavoidable. For instance, we look on death and its concomitants as a part of the evil in the world; but if death were taken away, there could be no succession of new generations,—and that would imply a fundamentally different plan of life from the present. If man has freedom of thought, error must be possible to him as well as truth. If he has the power to stretch out his hand to lift a fallen brother, he must have the power to raise it to strike him down. If he can taste of sweetness, he must be able to taste of bitterness. If love and peace be possible to him, hate and wrath must be; if industry and honesty, then laziness and theft. These opposites imply each other. They are the essential condition of the noble destiny of free self-direction and virtue. Certainly no Devil is required to explain all this, or any of it. In fact, the supposition of a Devil, in

relation to any of the phenomena of evil, is not an interpretation of the facts, but *an addition to the facts*. For example, a volcano suddenly vomits a deluge of lava over a vineyard, drowning the neighboring population, and blasting the region into desolation. The fact is explained by physical laws. The theory of a Devil only adds an extraneous and artificial element to them. When we use the term explanation, we do not of course mean to imply the removal of all mystery, but only the removal of confusion of fact and perplexity of mind. We are not able absolutely to explain anything. On every side we come at last to an unfathomable abyss. The difference between what we call unexplained and explained phenomena is this. The former show us *confusion* based in mystery; the latter show us *order* based in mystery. Both are equally swathed and enveloped in mystery; but those wear the aspect of confusion, these of order; and we are so constituted that confusion distresses the mind, while order satisfies it. Apprehending phenomena with unperceived connections, we wrestle in uncertainty; but understanding the connections, we rest in content. And thus it comes that, in the historic evolution of mythological belief, confusion, wherever dispersed in the universe, is the nebulous halo of Satan; but order, wherever discerned, is the starry crown of God.

There is an apparently chaotic mystery in the origination of our impulses, emotions, thoughts. We seem to lie in passive waiting, whilst sensations, intellections, and the various other states of consciousness, follow each other across the psychological stage without our effort. Whence do they come, and how? Swedenborg accounts for all our experiences, good and bad, by the theory of an influx of angelic or demoniac spirits from the heavens and the hells. Do we hate, lie, steal, kill? Infernal spirits are possessing and actuating us. And the contrary results are produced by celestial spirits. Such a representation may recommend itself as seeming to be easier, more definite and tangible, than any other hypothesis; but in reality it complicates and eludes, instead of simplifying or solving, the problem. If we do not account for these things as products of our own organization, in its working correlations with the universe, we do not really account for them at all;

because, if our feelings, thoughts, and deeds are infusions of disembodied spirits, the same old question, merely at one remove farther off, still meets us, and demands whence and how arise the feelings, thoughts, and deeds of these *spirits*. And then, besides, we are confronted with the additional query as to how these spirits are able to interpenetrate us and enact their wishes through us. It is much more in consonance with reason and nature to suppose the original genesis and birth of our various experiences in ourselves immediately in correspondence with the operative forces and phenomena of the environing world. There is no need of palming off our wicked propensities on any diabolic personage. Goethe said, "I have never heard of any crime which I might not have committed." Lady Macbeth, in unhallowed soliloquy, purposing the murder of Duncan, with the true mythologic animus, breaks into the horrid invocation: —

"Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!"

She might have made much shorter and more rational work of it by conjuring her own devilish impulses, and have let alone the needless conception of foreign workers of a mischief altogether of her own domestic manufacture. A matter is explained, as far as we are able to explain anything, when its phenomena are grouped under an intelligible law, or arranged in a regular order of coexistences and sequences. Now, this may be done, in regard to our experience of personal evil, by studying the operations of our mental organization, as we have seen, much better without than with the supposition of an extraneous spirit of evil. The theory of a personal Devil, therefore, we conclude from the whole survey, is a mistake. There is no such being. The only conception of a Devil which can stand the tests of philosophical investigation is the totality of limiting conditions inhering in a system of finite things and powers, an evil possibility hovering beside God

from eternity, waiting to become real the moment the fact of creation gives it opportunity.

But, some reader may ask, accepting this view, what are we to do with those words of Jesus, and those declarations of Scripture in general, which represent the Devil as a lying and malignant personality, an actual individual, with a will of wickedness antagonistic to the purposes of God and the welfare of men? We shall not pause to discuss this extensive question in detail, but merely set down the results of the most thorough investigation it has been in our power to make. In the first place, we admit that the actual existence of such a diabolic personage as has since been embodied in the popular creed of the Church is taught in the New Testament. It seems to us impossible to evade this conclusion without the most arbitrary perversion of the plainest language. The New-Testament writers, as on some other matters, so concerning demoniacal possessions, Beelzebub, Satan, entertained the common notions of their contemporary countrymen. And they report Jesus as cherishing and inculcating the same convictions.

Now Jesus himself may really have believed and expressed these doctrines, or his hearers may have misunderstood and inaccurately reported him, giving a concrete and literal significance to what he intended in an abstract and metaphorical sense. Teachers of the loftiest order and most advanced position are almost always subjected to this honest misrepresentation on the part of reporting auditors so far below their level, and so inadequately prepared to grasp and restate new and finer ideas. If Jesus used language implying the existence of a personal Devil, it does not, in our regard, derogate anything from the genuine rank and authority of the mission given him by God. For we do not conceive that that mission made him the bearer from heaven of an infallible set of intellectual instructions, but the impersonate and distributing medium of a regenerative energy, — a divine force of spirit to purge humanity of evil and consecrate it with holiness and love, to build up in men a new type of character, representing the image and mirroring the attributes of God. In such a mission, absolute correctness of dogmatic conception need be no part.

But while our Christian faith would not be disturbed in the least by such an interpretation of the language of Jesus, several considerations strongly incline us to think that he did not accept the vulgar notion of the personality of Satan. It seems to us out of keeping with the purity and elevation of other portions of his faith, unworthy of his genius and incongruous with it, irreconcilable with the wonderful penetration and the sublime harmony of his principal declarations. This view was long ago maintained by such profound thinkers, learned theologians, and consummate critics as Semler, Spinoza, Schleiermacher, Röhr, Wegscheider. Unquestionably, he employed on many occasions various current phrases in an interior and sublimated sense, far different from the low, coarse sense in which they were currently used by his hearers. For instance, by the word Messiah, the phrase "kingdom of heaven," the words baptism, regeneration, he denoted ideas of a far profounder and more spiritual import than was commonly understood by his contemporaries. So, in the matter immediately before us, it is undeniable that he sometimes used the language popularly taken as implying his belief in a personal Devil in a figurative manner, dropping all regard to the tangible form and dress, intending merely the spiritual significance. Thus, when the seventy disciples returned and reported their great success, he exclaimed, as in a prophetic rapture, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Again, he addressed to Peter, in presence of the other Apostles, the very same words he is said to have uttered to the Devil in the desert, "Satan, get thee behind me!" Now, if Jesus used the term metaphorically in some instances, he may have used it so in every instance. We think he did. But in some cases its figurativeness was so clear that none could escape perceiving it. In other cases his auditors and reporters caught their own beliefs from his tones, and put the cast of their own literality on his freer words. Instead of interpreting the language just cited from him with dogmatic narrowness, as containing a temporary Jewish figment, we think it should be explained with the broad flexibility which characterized his mind, extracting essential and eternal truth from every phenomenon of experience. Thus considered, it yields a moral lesson penetrating and sublime, exhorting us to say

to everything that would corrupt or mislead, "Get thee behind me"; not to yield, not to flee, not to stand looking and tampering, but with resolute firmness, and faith uplifted to God, instantly exclaim to every tempter who would seduce or detain us from duty, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The Devil, taken as a metaphor, is the personification of all that is false, impure, destructive, opposed to the will of God. So we personify an endless number of individuals and particulars in one totality when we say, "Sober England teaches her sister nations a noble lesson of carefully guarded progress in constitutional liberty." In the same mental process by which we say, "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other," we gather all limiting conditions of good, all temptations to evil, in one grasp of thought, and personify the whole as Satan. It is an artifice of the mind, when the multiplicity of related materials is such as threatens to bewilder and baffle, to group and condense it into a unit, and name it with one symbolic word. It is then surveyed and handled with rapidity and ease. Then the mind, unless guarded by critical thought, is in danger of coming, through vague processes, to contemplate the entire material thus gathered and named as a concrete being, and not as a collective abstraction. Thus, sometimes what began as free poetic fancy ends as consolidated dogmatic belief. But in such cases — among which is to be reckoned the theory of a personal Devil — there is no more justifying ground for a literal accrediting of correspondent existences, than there is for looking on Fortune, with her cup and ball, as a real being.

The belief, whose superstitious origin and spurious supports we have been examining, is one of the most obstinate of the errors of the early time which still linger with us, the children of a wiser and happier period. It too, however, like its congeners, must die. It must disappear as a mist dispersed by the breeze of rising intelligence. What horrid superstitions, now forgot, once held tyrannic sway in the savage state of humanity. Think of that custom, prevalent as late as the classic epoch, of burying persons alive under every important building, to appease the *genius loci*, the demon of the place, that he might not overthrow the structure: an instance of which is given in the Bible, in the sixteenth chapter of the First Book of

Kings, where it is related that Hiel, the rebuilder of Jericho, "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub." Tidings came to us not long since that a powerful chief in Central Africa, his sable majesty, the king of Dahomey, was about to celebrate the death of his father, the late king of Gezo, in accordance with a time-honored custom, by sacrificing two thousand human victims upon his grave, accumulating their blood in a pit until it was deep enough to float a canoe! The fact is a red jet of horror suddenly spiriting through the superimposed strata of civilized usage, sentiment, and law, from the core of a barbaric past. It leaps up in a spire of blood and flame, a terrific vestige of what in most races has long been extinct; as here and there the lurid tongue of a volcano still speaks to us of the time when all the world was fire.

In the slow, incessant progress of discovery and enlightenment, as province after province has been brought within the obvious domain of divine laws, how the sphere of supposed diabolic agency has been steadily narrowed! Once the production of all storms, earthquakes, floods, pestilences, wars, murders, disease, death,—every range and realm of sin and discord, violence and misery,—was ascribed directly to the Devil, without the least hesitation. Little by little doubts crept in, little by little wiser views were adopted, and little by little the infernal dogma faded from the foreground and began to disintegrate in the background. Emancipated research into the facts of the world, and adequate synthesis of their order, totally ignore the idea of Satan. Scientists and philosophers smile at it, or turn away in scorn; only the priests hold to it, and even they less and less. Enlightened reason and faith have long since excluded it from the sphere of nature, only superstitious ignorance and traditional conformity to the past still cling to it in the sphere of morals. But the theologians themselves are loosening their hold on it. One after another of the more advanced, even within the "orthodox" sects, openly disavows it; as Dr. Bushnell, who, in his remarkable work on "Nature and the Supernatural," says: "Satan or the Devil is not a bad omnipresence over against God,—that is a monstrous and horrible conception,—

but an outbreacking evil, or empire of evil, in created spirits. It is not the name of any particular person, but a name taken up by the imagination to designate, in a conception the mind can most easily wield, the total of bad minds and powers." By and by, in a more rational and a less slavish age, all the world will combine to say to the outworn and rejected theory of a personal Devil, "*Get thee behind me !*"

Already, to an extent quite remarkable under the circumstances, the expression of this antique doctrine has ceased to imply any genuine belief in it, and has become a merely verbal form, an unmeaning acquiescence. It has passed up from solid existence as a dogma into aeriform existence as a trope. Not in one instance out of a hundred where the phrase is now used does it denote any clear faith. It is simply a metaphor of convenience, an artifice whereby the mind works off its excitement, without signifying the slightest deliberate belief. The immense disparity between the former condition of intellectual conviction and the present condition of imaginative habit may be seen in the contrast of two examples. Luther believed the Church proposition of a Devil so vividly, that, whenever he had any experience of evil, it immediately took the form of a proof of that proposition. His whole experience of evil was cast into the shape of an ever-recurring verification of his belief in Satan.* When Edmund Kean played Shylock in London, on a certain occasion, he expressed in his tones and eyes such a demoniacal intensity of hate and revenge, that a man in the audience started up in terror, and cried, "It is the Devil!" In the former we recognize thorough sincerity of belief, a deliberate decision of the biassed judgment. In the latter, an instinctive start into a convenient metaphor, a sudden vent of the impassioned fancy. The difference is broadly characteristic of the two periods. Civilization brings men to live more in the light, in comfort, in regularity, in law. They thus avoid the startling shocks so abundant in the irregular ways, in the rustling and teeming darkness, of rude and ignorant ages. The trite displaces the

* See in Fraser's Magazine, December, 1844, a very interesting and instructive article, by Professor Masson, entitled, "The Three Devils; Milton's, Goethe's, Luther's."

terrific. And as the feeding stimulus to the faith in a personal Devil diminishes, naturally the faith itself shrivels and pales.

Nor let us fear any ill from the inevitable dying out of this long popular belief. Rather let us anticipate great and lasting good from the decease of so portentous a superstition. The loss of that horned and hoofed impersonation of malignity will certainly not leave the universe in orphanage. Other errors, once thought vital parts of life and religion, have gone with good result. So will this. True, the denial of this pervasive dogma goes pretty far, and shakes the compact body of fancies built up into the fashionable scheme of faith. With the departure of the Satanic personality, the myth of Eden goes. And with that much else also. But it is only mythology that is shattered, not religion; only the products of abnormal fancy that are lost, not the conclusions of veracious experience, healthy insight, and sound reasoning. And happy the man who, amid the shock of shifting opinions, can quietly let old errors go, yet keep his faith in God and good serene and whole. The rock is not removed when the mist that enveloped it vanishes. When the rainbow over the waterfall fades, the torrent stays. Let us not, then, be alarmed because the grotesque defacements of falsehood peel and crumble, because the tinsel tracery-work of superstition perishes and drops from the adamantine fabric of theological truth. That structure will only stand so much the firmer and lovelier, — the superfluous mistakes and stains that marred and discolored it being removed, — the glory of its inherent strength and symmetry more sharply defined.

ART. II. — ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

1. *London Times*. April, May, June, 1861.
2. *The Message of the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to the Thirty-Seventh Congress at the Opening of the Extra Session*. July, 1861.
3. *Letter of the SECRETARY OF STATE, transmitting a Report of the Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Nations for the Year ending September 30, 1860*. Washington. 1861. 4to. pp. 730.

THE government of England from the time of William the Third to that of William the Fourth was in the hands of an hereditary aristocracy. This aristocracy held all the seats in the House of Lords, and named the majority in the House of Commons. It gave the inspiration to the policy of the nation. The political contests of the nation were contests between its great divisions.

That gradual growth of wealth in the hands of the mercantile and manufacturing interests of England, of which the war with Napoleon marks well enough the beginning, destroyed, in the end, this system of oligarchy. Different movements, in the first half of this century, — of which the Reform Bill of William the Fourth and the Corn Laws of Victoria are good symbols, — showed that the old landed aristocracy of England no longer held the power of the English empire. That power was passing, through the first half of this century, into the hands of those who are called the third estate when people want to compliment them, but are called shop-keepers or Bourgeois when people want to insult them. They are not the people of England, any more than dukes and marquises and earls are the people. They are the men whose enterprise, pertinacity, and skill — with the wealth created by enterprise, pertinacity, and skill — saved England from destruction by Napoleon the First. They are the men who make England now the richest, and, so far as material resource goes, the strongest nation in the world. They are the merchants and manufacturers of England.

These men now hold in their hands the power of the British

government. But, for different reasons, not difficult to discern, they have not yet undertaken its administration. And at the present moment, therefore, the Constitution of the British empire may be thus described.

Its administration is in the hands of an hereditary aristocracy, some of whose members administer it in very humble, even abject subjection to a great mercantile aristocracy.

There is no want of analogies in history to this division between the real government of a country and its administration. For some centuries the Roman Consuls administered the Roman empire under the direction and inspiration of the Augustus or Emperor of the day. The *Rois faineans* did so, for a while, under the direction of Mayors of Palace. Here, at home, cabinets administer government under very humble obedience to the inspiration of a great popular sentiment. In England, at present, the system has some conveniences. The hereditary aristocracy always has enough men well trained for administration; and, excepting the duty of shooting partridges, which only occupies a few weeks every autumn, they have nothing but the administration of government to attend to. On the other hand, the real government of the country, the mercantile and manufacturing aristocracy, has vast enterprises on hand. It is running railroads through India, caravans through Australia, steamboat lines through Africa, and is sending on all seas the *conductas* of its wealth. At home, it is clothing, arming, amusing, and making comfortable the world, by the various processes of its workshops. With no want of able men, therefore, well fit for administration, it is quite willing to leave that bit of side business in the old hands, on the simple condition that they do just what it chooses.

To insure their obedience, it has the old machinery which has changed ministries all through the century and a half of the Whig and Tory dynasties. The hereditary aristocracy still affects to govern England. Members of it do administer the government. They govern England in just the sense that bricklayers and stone-masons built St. Peter's, — of which the credit, however, generally attaches to Michel Angelo. They make believe, however, very hard, that the inspirations are their own. And about once in five years an incautious

prime-minister tries the experiment of kicking in the traces. He announces some bit of policy which is his own. This is generally foreign policy, because there is a tradition that the merchants and manufacturers do not care so much about this. But the independence is always fatal to him. Be he Lord Palmerston encouraging the struggling Italians, or Lord Malmesbury encouraging their oppressors,—be he never so mild or so canny in offering his advice, never so ambiguous in his promises,—the great sleeping sea-turtle, which has been holding him above the water so steadily that the poor fellow fancied he was on an island, gives one little toss of his back, and the agile prime-minister tumbles into the sea. “Do what you please,” says the great sea-turtle, “but do not make fires on my back.” As soon as the offending prime-minister is tumbled over, the governing class says to some other people in the hereditary class, that this man has been naughty, but that if they will be good, and mind what they are told, they shall be the ministry. And they, having nothing else to do indeed, take it on those terms.

It is necessary to make this succinct statement of the distinction between the English government and the English administration, before we can discuss with accuracy what is called the policy of the English government, or the English people, towards America at the present time. For the double-headed arrangement which we have described is so new, that its results are not always estimated with sufficient discrimination. In former times England has had systems of policy, to some of which, indeed, she has held with true English vigor. The policy of Walpole was an intelligible system, adhered to through the better part of a generation. The policy of the wars with which the last century ended and this century began was that of interference in Continental affairs to protect legitimate kings. The policy of the ten years which followed the treaty of Vienna was a mild imitation of that of the Holy Alliance. The England of the present time is trying to form a system of policy equally distinct. It is not yet thoroughly adjusted, however, and hence a certain crudeness and inconsistency in the movements of its machinery. The central aim, however, is to increase as largely as possible the

productions and the markets of her merchants and manufacturers. In internal administration this policy works by throwing taxation as largely as possible upon property, and relieving as much as possible the movements of trade and manufacture; in external administration it shows itself in submission to any state which will offer to it facilities for trade. In both it shows itself by making no sacrifices, either at home or abroad, for anything so intangible as "an idea." "Certainly," says a great English economist, in ridicule of Napoleon III., "England will never make war for an idea."

This is a frank statement, which has the advantage of being epigrammatic. It is probably true so far as it expresses the feeling of the aristocracy which governs England, and the other aristocracy which administers the government. It states no new system, but one which the world has tried a great many times, — with one definite lesson of immediate success and eventual ruin always attendant upon it. This inevitable lesson comes because God is. He chooses to govern the world by ideas. In his empire, which is certainly coming, principles are omnipotent. But men are very apt to feel that perhaps his empire will never come at all, and that probably it will not come in their lifetime. They are very apt, therefore, to try the experiment — indicated by this great economist and attempted by the English policy of late years — of living for material interests alone, and letting ideas go.

Whenever the great mercantile and manufacturing aristocracy of England shall itself take in its own hands the business of administering the government, it will wield enormous power. There has, perhaps, never been such material power in the world as it will have at command. It will have more capital in hand than any Xerxes or Cambyses has had, and more faculty for administration. When it shall choose to say that it is tired of circumlocution offices and white staves and red tape and orders of precedence, — possibly that it is tired of first, second, and third readings, of warrants for elections and of Chiltern Hundreds, of the Alphas of Parliaments and their Omegas, — perhaps, indeed, tired of Parliament altogether; when it shall choose to say that it will build the English navy as it built its Atlantic and Mediterranean mail-

squadrons, and will thus get for its fleet the best ships in the world, instead of certain A. No. 2's; when it shall choose to say that it will build its Parliament-House as it built its Crystal Palace, and govern India as it governed it in the days of Clive; — it will exhibit the same nervous activity, the same promptness, resource, and rapidity, the same elasticity under defeat, and the same pitiless energy for conquest, which have been shown by all mercantile aristocracies when they were intrusted with government. There are pieces of the history of Carthage, Florence, and Venice which will very well illustrate the method. If it should still be grovelling in the hope that it can do all this without making any sacrifice for ideas, the world will have a sad time of it for a while, and this English government will have a very bitter overthrow in the end.

Let us hope better things for England and the future, and meanwhile let us observe that the merchants and manufacturers have as yet taken no such business into their own hands. They occupy themselves with their own individual affairs, and tell the noblemen and their nephews and the second cousins of their nephews' wives, and all such people, to administer the government for them. The consequence is, that from year to year England gets along as well as she can, in an effort of the officials to do things much as they have been done before. If a new casualty insists on taking place, (as in a finite world untoward casualties will,) "we will tide over it as we can." If it is absolutely necessary to write anything, why "something must be written." If it is absolutely necessary to say anything, why "something must be said." But in saying it, it will be best to say that it is with regret that we say anything at all, — that, in fact, all England has to do on any occasion, is to do nothing, — that her policy, indeed, is to have no policy, as is by this time generally understood, — a policy, in short, of non-intervention.

So soon as the administration clerks, the secretaries, ministers, and the rest, have learned their lesson completely in the modern system, they will pursue this policy, simply and without parade, as any well-trained clerk attends to his master's affairs. When that time comes, there will be great advantage to the world at large in this determination of England not to

interfere in other people's business. But the training of confidential clerks, though they be viscounts and marquises, is no easy matter. Many a well-laid plan has gone agley because a clerk too ardent in his master's interests has put out his hand too quickly to help it on, not understanding sufficiently what was the policy proposed. And even when the clerk has been drilled to understand the thing to be done, there is a noisy way of doing the right thing, which makes it only one grade better than the wrong thing. And many a green clerk sent on his quiet master's business has made so much noise about his commission, that he has upset the very speculation with which he was intrusted. Such are precisely the two misfortunes which have just now befallen the English policy of non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. To these blunders on the part of the noble agents of the great mercantile and manufacturing interests in England is due what has been absurdly called the alienation of America from England. In fact, there is no alienation. There is only the sadness with which we see any betrayal, by a nation which we love and which we wish to honor, of the ignorance and the confusion of those who hold the assertion of her rights and the preservation of her good name. To these blunders of her administration we are now to devote a moment's attention.

1. There was no necessity for the English ministry to say a single word in regard to the relations between the American government and the rebellious States. Silence and inaction, which it has now found out to be its true policy, were always its true policy. The merchants, bankers, and manufacturers understood this from the beginning. There was no more need for the English administration to make any statement of faith in these troubles, than there was when we were in our Kansas troubles. It might as well, indeed, now state its views on the Hoosac Tunnel or the Gridiron Railroad Bill. For the only American government it knew was the government of the *United States*. A hundred times it had had occasion to say, that it did not know, and would not recognize, the State governments, in any way or degree. Thus, when the courts of the State of New York seized and imprisoned the Canadian Captain McKenzie, for his alleged violation of her territory in

the affair of the *Caroline*, the British government said that it knew no State of New York, and would know none. It called on the American national government to give up the man. And the national government, though it had to make new machinery for the purpose, had to give up the man. If all the English precedents in American affairs had any weight, the English government could not know of the existence of separate States in this nation, nor deal in any way with their authorities. All that it had to do was to keep its ears shut, and its eyes.

Considering that the great Italian insurrection had just passed, and that the English government had succeeded in ignoring that completely,—that it had even slumbered so happily that hundreds of Irish recruits joined the Pope's army against the liberals, leaving England for that purpose without arresting the attention of any English official,—one would have said that in the case of the American rebellion, which defied all those rights of man for which the Italians were contending, a civilized government could have slept on.

Considering that England has just suppressed the great rebellion of India, brought on, as she had admitted before the world, by the inadvertence and ignorance of her own administration,—considering that she was still quivering under the excitement and distress of that great adventure, in which the rebels were a conquered race rising against their conquerors,—one would have said that in the case of the American rebellion, where the rebels were an oligarchy, fighting for human slavery and the destruction of constitutional government, England could have slept on.

Nay, without considering ideas so intangible as human rights or national gratitude, it appears that, if the administration of England had only understood the wishes and the policy of their rulers, her merchants and manufacturers, they would have slept on. Had these men been themselves administering the government, they would have adhered to the safe policy of silence and inaction, which in this case was the true policy. The misfortune of England was, that her administration, eager to please the manufacturers and the merchants, did not at the first know how. Not knowing how, they blun-

dered into talk, and permitted the prejudices of an aristocracy against the "bubble of republicanism" to give tone to their unauthorized stammerings.

They knew that the supply of cotton was of vast importance to the manufacturers. Eager to please their masters, they tried to show that they had come thus far in political science. It was nothing that they had all committed themselves, in happier days, to the rose-water of anti-slavery. The England of their administration has no more sacrifices for an idea.

They thought they knew that their masters, the merchants and manufacturers, must have cotton. There is, indeed, an impression in England that the whole gigantic fabric of English wealth and English industry is so supported by her system of manufacture, that the laboring people in the factories are so many Atlases who are holding up that great world. It is not from Chartist orators alone, but from the gravest of capitalists, that the opinion is let fall sometimes, that so soon as these laboring men and women find out their power in the economies of England, it will prove that the pyramid of her wealth has been standing on its point, and that it will topple over. The ministers of England do not, perhaps, share this opinion, but they knew there were many men among their masters who did share it. They knew, of course, that one of the largest elements in this great system was the manufacture of cotton. They did not simply dread, therefore, a loss so enormous as the loss of a year's production of cotton goods, and all the suffering which follows where one great branch of industry is thus paralyzed. They dreaded lest in that loss the whole complicated fabric of the economies of England might be overthrown,—the fabric in which a few million working people, at work for a shilling or two a day, hold up the capitalists who for the present permit the hereditary gentlemen of England to conduct her administration. They wanted to show that they knew their danger. Like noisy militia officers manœuvring their companies in presence of the commander-in-chief, they all spoke at once. And they said just enough to show America that in her greatest trial they cared only for their own material interests. They said this in a few fatal weeks, which it will be long before they will recall. But,

alas ! as soon as they said it, they found that they should have said nothing at all. The real policy of England, even on the selfish hypothesis, was not only inaction, it was silence. And when the poor ministers looked for applause to the manufacturers, these stern masters told them crustily that they had best hold their tongues.

But the mischief was done. When English noblemen, in high places in the English government, condescended to say that they cared nothing for constitutional government in itself, nothing for the freedom of the human race in itself, nothing for the American alliance in itself, if these ideas endangered their supply of cotton, they gave to this sad rebellion of ours the only ray of hope which has ever shone upon it. When, the next week, all the voices of England changed tone,—when we were told that the great North was worth conciliating as well as the great South,—when the ministry proclaimed that, in the future, silence as well as non-intervention would be its policy,—the ministry earned the same contempt from the rebels in America which it had earned from the nation before ; but it could not unsay what it had said. And now, when English journals and English friends plead with us, publicly and privately, to ask what they have done which Napoleon has left undone, and why we despise them as we do not despise him, our answer is, simply, that they spoke when he was silent. They have done nothing of which we complain, nor he. But he was silent, when silence showed sympathy. And the English ministry was not silent. The eager clerk was so anxious to tell the world that his master had a secret, that before his chattering could be checked the secret was gone.

Thus, the English ministry could not wait to receive an envoy specially commissioned to represent the views of the American government. It hastened to say that certain States, who had not at that moment a public vessel or a privateer at sea, were a belligerent power, in view of its maritime law. They were adopted into the same position that England granted Greece only in the third year of her revolution. At the conferences of Paris, England had lately affected great horror of privateering. She now showed herself thus eager to offer a first-rate bounty to Southern privateers. As to a blockade,

“Let the United States see that it was an effective blockade! No paper blockades for England!” As if the American government had not fifty years since forced upon the world the necessity of effective blockade, in eight years of efficient diplomacy and efficient fighting! As if that canon of international law were not the especial canon on which, as a great maritime nation neutral by policy to European broils, we had always insisted! As if the American government had shown the least desire to proclaim a blockade of the fifteen or twenty Southern ports without enforcing it! Then as for arms. When rebellion was in another continent, when England wanted arms against the Sepoys, she was glad enough to buy our pistols and our rifles. But now all that is changed. It is understood in England that the American rebels have seized on hundreds of thousands of stands of arms belonging to the national government. It is just possible that America may want now to buy some arms in English workshops. Therefore, “our subjects are warned on their peril” not to sell munitions of war to either combatant, — to the rebels, who are supposed to have enough, nor to our allies, who are supposed to need them, of whom, but a few years ago, in our own straits, we were so glad to buy.

A few such expressions as these are enough to show the sympathies of the men who administer the English government. As such they have been noted in America. It is perfectly true, that they have done nothing offensive. England has done as little in our cause, we being strong, as it did in the cause of the poor Italians, they being weak, — as little for us, and as little against us. It is understood perfectly, that England never does anything now that she can help doing. The only regret in America is, that, when she lost the habit of biting, she did not lose that of barking as well.

As we have said, however, the English ministry had scarcely shown this ill-natured disposition towards one of the best allies of England, and one of her most attached friends, than it was bid to hold its peace by that great mercantile aristocracy which is its master. And very promptly it obeyed. By the time Mr. Adams arrived in London, the views of the

English ministry were such as he found "entirely satisfactory." The loyal American States had shown their loyalty in a sublime expression of faith and power such as few generations see. An army started into being. The government of America proved equal to the emergency. It showed also that it was as true to international as to constitutional law. It proclaimed its blockade with most cautious deference to the rights, even to the convenience, of neutrals. All complaints on this subject thus far sink into nothing, in comparison with the complaints with which England rang as to the occasional failure of her own blockade of Russia. Of the successive steps in these great movements the real government of England, the merchants and manufacturers, were possessed, day by day, very precisely. They knew the difference between Northern friendship and Southern, — between Northern wealth and Southern, — between Northern arms and Southern, — between Northern honor and Southern. They knew better than their noble servants whether New York and Massachusetts were better customers and allies than Arkansas and Mississippi. They knew that the government of America was a power not easily blown to pieces. And they silenced, therefore, so soon as they could, their noisy friends who were committing them to a policy which insulted this government, if it did not threaten. There was scarcely a fortnight of the noisy talk about "republican bubbles bursting," before the merchants of England had established a very efficient blockade on all the tongues of her spokesmen. That blockade has not been lifted to this day.

2. Yet the merchants and manufacturers of England had their own grievance. Not only did they want to buy cotton, and more than they could get, even in peaceful years; but they wanted to sell cotton goods, and woollen goods, and particularly iron goods. And it happened that, as the American rebellion went on, the Southern free-traders having deserted the American Congress, the Northern manufacturing interest had been so strong there as to enact new and higher duties upon the manufactures of foreign countries. The English iron goods, in particular, were thus taxed for

the benefit both of the American treasury and the American manufacturer. The indignation which the manufacturing aristocracy has proclaimed at this blow has been represented as much more deep-seated than their anxiety at the loss of the cotton crop. "The Americans could not help the rebellion," they say, "but they could help putting a heavy duty on the import of our iron." All public and all private accounts agree that this is the real grievance felt against us in the hearts of the real government of England. At the moment when we wanted English sympathy, we struck this blow, it is said, in the very house of our friends.

We do not propose to discuss the protective system, in discussing this charge of unfriendliness thus made upon "the other side." The very history which we have been tracing, and every essential element in the position of this country to-day, supply a sufficient answer to this complaint, without any need of the general discussion. Nor is this answer a mere *argumentum ad hominem*. It involves a principle on which the government of any nation might well rest, in the development of its resources.

The English manufacturers beg us, as matter of friendship, to let them make for us our cotton goods, our woollen, and our iron. When we ask what we shall do, they say, "Make corn for us, and tobacco, and butter, and cotton. We have been kind enough to receive our food from you without taxing it. Return the kindness by taking our iron without taxing it."

We might rest our answer to this complaint by saying that it is only by the most rapid harlequinade that the policy of England has received our food thus untaxed; and that, if she needed near fifty years of peace to adjust her revenues and her internal economies to that point, she ought to give us as much time now for the readjustment of ours. In 1900 we will not be uneasy about the competition of her manufactures. We might say, again, that she is sadly irresolute about her own application of her own pet system. Here is our tobacco, which she taxes with a duty of a thousand per cent upon its value. She collects twenty millions of dollars annually upon American tobacco alone. Will it satisfy our English friends

if we adjust our tariff so as to collect twenty millions on English iron? She does this, of course, without any thought of encouraging the domestic growth of tobacco. Does that policy become wrong which has a home motive, which is right when there is none? *

But we prefer to consider this complaint in the light of the "non-intervention policy," which in our political relations with England is said to be her fixed policy. That is a poor rule which will not work all ways, and in all contingencies. Our friends the manufacturers say that we had best make their provisions, and they will make our goods for us. "Let all do what they can do cheapest." Will you, then, make our goods for us? Will you make us just what we want, just when we want it? If we want Enfield muskets, will you make them for us? If we want bomb-shells, will you make them for us? If we want plated iron ships, may we send to the Clyde and buy them? If we want rifled cannon, may we receive them by your steamers?

When we put these questions with a little eagerness in the close of last April, our sentimental friends, who in March had been so touched by our unkindness in taxing their iron, told us, as we have seen, that we must not have any of these

* The statistics on this whole subject are very conveniently arranged in the volume just now published by the State Department, which we have named at the head of this article. Our commercial relations with the rest of the world have never been so well presented. We wish the "Annual Abstract of Commerce and Navigation" might be combined with it in one volume.

In the particular matter of tobacco, the receipts into England from America for ten months of 1860 were, —

Stemmed tobacco	4,134,855 lbs.
Unstemmed "	12,217,508 "
Manufactured "	2,100,207 "
Total	18,452,570 lbs.

Our export to England for the whole year is not precisely stated in these returns, but was about 23,000,000 lbs.

In 1859, the receipts from all quarters were 34,493,074 lbs., on which were collected duties amounting to \$26,677,908. These duties were *considerably augmented* in May, 1860, when the extra customs duty on this article of five shillings per hundred came into effect.

The title-page of the volume from which we quote describes it as bringing up the returns to September 30, 1860. The tobacco returns, however, are brought up to October 31 of that year.

things. Their policy was non-intervention. The Queen's proclamation warned her subjects not to sell us munitions of war. None of us could have them. We might have scissors and jack-knives and log-chains. But we must not have guns and swords and steamships. We might have pocket-handkerchiefs, but we might not have gunpowder. England would not intervene. That was her policy.

On that policy of non-intervention let England stand. Nobody objects to it. Her interference in the affairs of France from 1793 to 1815 has not wrought any such marvellous fruits that anybody wants to see that repeated. Her sweet promises to the Italians in 1849 were not so well kept that anybody wants them repeated. Let her stand on the policy of non-intervention. But let her not expect to intervene when she chooses, and to stand aloof when she chooses. She must not intervene with pocket-handkerchiefs and rose-water, unless she is willing to intervene when people want to buy shot and shells. Is her policy non-intervention? So be it. Only if it is, the rest of the world must learn the same policy. Does she care for nobody? Very well. Only the rest of the world will learn not to care for her. If that is the policy of her manufacturers, we must learn to be independent of her manufacturers. We must learn to build our own ships in armor, to bore our own cannon, and to cast our own balls.

The charge made by the manufacturing interest is, that the tariff of last winter was enacted in a selfish interest, which neglected the good-fellowship of nations. A month had not passed after it became a law before the necessity of independence in the supply of the great essentials of life was very terribly demonstrated. It is very clear to all men now, that we want iron at home, not iron in Lancashire. We want to be certain that our arsenals and our dock-yards are supplied, not to take chances of war and the sea and "non-intervention" for that supply. What England offers us is, munitions of war as long as we do not need them. But the moment we do need them, her policy is to refuse them. No independent nation can take the chance of such a refusal. America does not choose to submit to it. She chooses to raise her armies in a day if she needs,—nor will she wait for the chances of At-

lantic voyages, nor take her munitions at anybody's will and pleasure, risk and peril. She has developed a system of manufacture, therefore, of which in every hour of this crisis she is reaping the reward. If our Southern friends had been willing to adapt their system of labor to the same results, they would not find themselves in the straits they are in to-day,—dependent on robbery for the supply of their arsenals, and defeated anew every time a foreign power refuses them munitions of war. In raising an army of hundreds of thousands of men, America has experienced no considerable difficulty in equipping them, from her own resources, on the moment. As a temporary provision, we bought a few thousand stands of arms in England, to find they were imitations of our own patterns, higher in price and poorer in manufacture. That temporary provision proved unnecessary. America rifles her own cannon, weaves her own tent-cloth, builds her own ships, and, in a word, has abundant resources of her own for her great campaign. How would all this have been had she listened to the gentle and affectionate whisper of her English friends, offering to take all these cares off her hands? Where would have been at this hour the army of two hundred thousand men, whom she has armed and equipped without any help of the slightest moment from the resources of other lands? She accepts the policy of non-intervention. She carries it so far that she does not propose to have other nations intervene in those civilized arts whose results are essential to a nation's being. It is as a direct corollary of the policy of non-intervention, then, that she adopts the revenue system which shall develop and reinforce her unequalled resources in the production and manufacture of cotton, linen, woollen, and iron.

3. In concluding this article, we need only speak of the surprise which has been expressed in America, that the anti-slavery sentiment of England has not appeared more distinctly in her view of our great rebellion.

The truth is, that that sentiment was probably never so strong as it appeared, and that it has been steadily declining for many years. It culminated in its full glory in the great

victory which secured the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies. But that victory, honorable as it was to the unflinching perseverance and the exalted faith of those who won it, was not, in any sense, a victory won by the general sentiment of the people of England. Here was one of those unflinching bodies with "one idea." They were not a majority, they were only a small minority of the people of England. But they had wealth enough, principle enough, and determination enough to command a certain number of seats in Parliament. Those who represented them there were men of conscience, integrity, and resolution, perfectly indifferent to defeat, because they were entirely resolved on ultimate victory. One need only read the debates on the slavery questions from the beginning, — more than half a century, be it remembered, — to see that the gradual conversion of the public men who successively lent themselves or gave themselves to the cause of emancipation was not simply a tribute to the arguments of the anti-slavery hierarchs, but to their power. Here was this knot of voters commanding this considerable Parliamentary influence. Here was a cause absolutely right in principle, which could not be gainsaid, on which this knot of men insisted as the *sine qua non* in legislation. "There will never be a session of Parliament," it is evident the Liberal leaders said, "till this is got out of the way. Let us adopt their measure for ours, win their gratitude forever, do what is right, and strengthen our majority at the same time." We have no desire to undervalue the moral forces which won this great victory. But they were certainly moral forces which worked through all the various agencies of finite human ambitions. They won their victory and freed England, at the expense of posterity, of the responsibility for slavery. But with that victory the anti-slavery principle and power of England of necessity culminated. From that moment it began to decline.

First, because it had nothing at home to act upon, it declined. Englishmen, of all people, dislike dealing with matters which are not exactly their own concern. The very policy of non-intervention, or no policy, came in, to work the decline of a sentiment which could only work henceforth in interfer-

ence with the affairs of others. Again, the loss of a well-knit nucleus of Parliamentary leaders was a severe loss for it. It was impossible that the sentiment should have any longer any efficient organized action. We must add, that the pecuniary failure of the experiment of emancipation had its effect. Too much had been claimed, when it was urged that free labor would produce as much sugar as forced labor. And the whole interest of West India proprietors, whether they had lost their fortunes by their own fault or not, was a positive unit in presenting constantly the picture of this partial failure, which, in fact, to a nation under Adam Smith's tutelage, ought to excite no regret at all. To sum up all these causes, England, with regard to anti-slavery, has been for twenty years in the condition of a large capitalist, who gave twenty years ago a very handsome endowment to a great philanthropic enterprise, but who is not well pleased when the begging "proctors" or "agents" of that enterprise return to him every year, with some tale of new necessities, and ask him, because he has done so much before, if he will not now do a little more. We do not always find that such solicitations are well received. Certainly they are not in this case. The anti-slavery sentiment of England has steadily declined. It is now left to the guardianship of a few of its older friends, who are thoroughly committed to maintain it, but who have themselves but a vague understanding of the way in which, and of the reasons why, they should seek for its revival. The Southern assailants of England, who try to show her inconsistency in maintaining the systems of service in the East Indies, while she loosens those in the West, waste their ammunition. The Northern dreamers, if there were such, who fancied that any very eager anti-slavery enthusiasm would be called forth in England by the great crisis on which hangs the fate of slavery in America, dreamed of a brilliant handful of "good men," whose day went by twenty years ago.

Such is a rapid review of the sentiment entertained towards America in England by her hereditary and mercantile aristocracies, her acting government and her real government, and the influences which are brought to bear upon them. Aside from these temporary and material interests, there is no

doubt, of course, that the real wish of the people of England is for the triumph of law and liberty. The people of England are a Christian people, holding very staunchly to the firm anchorages of Christian morals, and not easily seduced by fanciful speculations which would make the right appear wrong. They are a loyal people, who sympathize with loyalty wherever it shows itself. With them and the men of their race constitutional government had its birth, and they and their race are the only people in the world in whose hands it has thus far succeeded. They will not look carelessly, therefore, on the great question of to-day, "Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" It is true that in ordinary times the great body of them know, care, and think as little of America or American politics as we do of Australia or of Brazil. They are also a slow people,—a very slow people. They have no fondness for ideas as ideas. The same bluntness which deprives them of the conception of wit, therefore, takes away their interest in any speculative argument. But when ideas clothe themselves in the concrete, the English are sure in the end to be true. They can distinguish between a true man and a liar; between him who keeps an oath and him who breaks it; between a loyal citizen and a traitor; between the maintenance of law and its overthrow; between the liberty of a race and its oppression. There is no fear, therefore, but in the end the people of England will understand aright and express themselves aright regarding the issues of this great rebellion.

ART. III. — MYSTICS AND THEIR CREED.

Hours with the Mystics. By ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN, B. A.
Second Edition. London. 1860. 2 vols.

MR. KINGSLEY, reviewing in *Fraser's Magazine* the first edition of this pleasant book, speaks of the author as a young man, and predicts for him a useful and brilliant career. Unless we have misunderstood a few words in the Preface to the second edition, which lies on our table, this prediction has been disappointed by an early death. The Preface alluded to is from the pen of Robert Vaughan, the father, perhaps, of the author, and it speaks of one "who now finds the solace of her loneliness in treasuring up the products of his mind, and in cherishing the dear ones he has left to her wise love and oversight," — sad intimation that a laboring, learned, and liberal scholar has closed his books.

This little work was first published in 1856, and in four years had been "some time out of print," the welcome of the English public agreeably disappointing, we may hope, the young author's mistrusting fears, and soon taking up his small venture. Mr. Vaughan clearly expected no very cordial reception for a book about mystics. He thought the theme an uncongenial one both to the age and to the people. In fact, he betrays, by some unequivocal signs, a want of personal confidence in the subject he has undertaken to treat, which would go a little way towards producing the very indifference he deprecates or dreads. Not only in his Preface does he offer "some words of explanation, if not of apology," speaking of mysticism as "an error, associated, for the most part, with a measure of truth so considerable that its good has greatly outweighed its evil"; but on almost every page of his volumes he writes like a half-hearted man, who has no profound sympathy with the modes of thought he describes, no decisive judgment respecting their worth, and no earnest desire either to repel them or to advance them. Of the mystics he hardly knows what he ought to think; of mysticism he certainly is doubtful how much he ought to believe. Of course his chap-

ters are lacking in that warm glow of enthusiasm which would have commended to a larger and a better public a book far inferior as an intellectual production to his own. The very form in which the author has chosen to cast his materials is a timid confession of distrust in their power to win regard. No deeply convinced and earnest man, treating a subject like mysticism, would have availed himself, we think, of the well-used and well-worn device of parlor essays and conversations thereon; a device requiring the utmost skill for its successful management, and even then demanding more variety of theme and discussion than is afforded here. The gentlemen and ladies to whom Mr. Vaughan introduces his readers are extremely well-bred, intelligent, and refined. They are rich, comfortable, eupeptic. They meet in an elegant library, with warm curtains and bright coal-fires, in winter; in the summer, their less frequent sessions are held at a most delightful and luxurious retreat in the country, where music and flowers, hunting, fishing, and sketching, divide the hours with Master Eckart and John Tauler. A likely set of people to do justice to the terribly earnest "Friends of God"!—people whose opinions on such mortals as St. Theresa and John of the Cross one would be very careful not to ask, knowing that they could have none but the most dapper and conventional opinion to give, and that they would be very glad when this was given briefly as possible, and they could go to supper. The talk of these felicitous people, who by the way are not people, but only labels on the various opinions which the readings of the intellectual Mr. Atherton call forth, is of the superficial and *dilettante* kind. We should greatly prefer listening to the words of the grand old mystics themselves, though the Champagne was not. The comment is largely and tiresomely out of proportion to the text, filling up the pages with irrelevant matter, which the author vainly hopes may be entertaining to the light-minded. We would not have Mr. Vaughan's book shorter by a single paragraph than it is; but we would have somewhat less of Mr. Gower, who spreads the sheeny vans of the imagination, and of Mr. Willoughby, who furnishes the philosophical criticism, and of Mr. Lowestoffe, who puts in the common sense, and somewhat more of Ber-

nard, and Jakob Behmen, and Emanuel Swedenborg. In a word, Mr. Vaughan, with all his reading, which is enormous, and all his patience, and all his nice Churchman's sagacity, does not master nor fully appreciate his theme. How could he be expected to, young as he was, and inexperienced as he must have been in the struggle and sorrow out of which Mysticism came? He could but survey from the outside a matter which is only to be understood from within; he runs, of course, into platitudes, dogmatisms, levities, and conceits, a great deal of which we can nevertheless pardon, in consideration of the many rich passages which he transcribes from precious books that are beyond the ordinary reader's reach, and which speak for themselves in a way that makes the author's comment unnecessary and his criticism powerless.

It is when Mr. Vaughan undertakes to tell his readers what Mysticism is that we find him most sadly at fault. "Philosophers and monks," he tells us, "employ the word as involving the idea, not merely of initiation into something hidden, but, beyond this, of an internal manifestation of the Divine to the intuition or in the feelings of the secluded soul." He then adds, as if the philosophers and monks who were the expositors and believers in mysticism knew nothing about it: "I think we may say thus much generally, that mysticism, whether in philosophy or religion, is that form of error which mistakes for a Divine manifestation the operations of a merely human faculty." And again: "We shall all agree in employing the word as equivalent generally to spirituality diseased." On the whole, we shall do wisely to let Mr. Vaughan's definitions alone; doing him, however, the justice to admit, that in this unhappiness of definition he does not stand solitary. Thus a German writer, Heinroth, "is sure that the root and essence of mysticism is a *selfish* longing after the hidden Supreme." Another, Bretschneider, calls it "Faith in direct and immediate operations of God in the soul, for its illumination, improvement, and constancy." A third, Erbkam, considers the intercourse and communion of the personal God with the souls of men as being the heart of mysticism. A fourth, Lange, in Herzog's *Encyclopädie*, says: "The mystic is one who by immediate religious contemplation would sink himself in the

bottomless abyss of God." Charles Kingsley, in his loose way, states the point thus: "The mystic believes that the invisible world is so by its very nature, that it is spiritually discerned, that he lives in it now, and will live in it through eternity. This is the mystic idea, pure and simple." We will give no more definitions, and will only say of these, that, while some of them seem to us too broad, others of them seem to us too narrow; while some would reduce the number of mystics far within its proper limits, others would bring into the number of mystics a great company of those who have no right there whatever. The last, it must be owned, is the common failing. To the average apprehension, all misty schism is mysticism. But this is a mistake. Because mystics have been fanatics, enthusiasts, visionaries, it does not follow that all fanatics, enthusiasts, and visionaries are mystics, or that every mystic partakes in a measure of the fanatic, the visionary, and the enthusiast. Mystics have claimed the gift of prophecy; and yet the prophet is not, as a thing of course, a mystic. Mystics have claimed the power of beholding the forms of the departed, of holding intercourse with angels, of going behind the veil and looking into the mysteries of the spirit world; but the clairvoyant, the seer, the receiver of communications from the land of shades, is not of course a mystic. Mystics have told us of their raptures and ecstasies, and states of high feeling; but all who enjoy the delights of interior piety are not of course mystics. Mysticism is a very distinct, definite, and peculiar phase either of thought or of experience. It is a phase that is peculiar to no sect of believers, to no church, to no religion; it is found equally among orthodox and heterodox, Protestants and Catholics, Pagans and Christians, Greeks and Hindoos, the people of the Old World and the people of the New. It is a thread that connects the most ancient worshipper of Brahma with the last enunciator of modern thought. Its principle is as intelligible as any other principle; it is as susceptible of statement and argument as any; none offers a more solid nucleus for the gathering of a full-orbed creed.

The root of the word *mysticism* is the Greek *μυέω*, which means to shut one's self up, to retire into the recesses of one's own consciousness, to sink into the depths of one's own

being ; — not for the purpose of going to sleep in the impalpable dark, but for the purpose of exploring the interior world which that being contains, — for the purpose of discovering how deep and boundless that being is, and of meeting in the holy silence of its retreats the form of that Infinite Being who walks there in the evening, and makes his voice heard in the mysterious whispers that breathe over its plains. Mysticism is an earnest and powerful striving after the absolute in its ultimate character. It places everything in the light of the absolute. It brings the finite subject into immediate concourse with the ultimate principle of its whole being and existence. The more deeply and interiorly the intercommunion of life between the creaturely intelligence and the absolute ground of life is apprehended, the more completely does mysticism move in its own sphere. For the mystic is one who believes that the absolute in its immediate presence fills and pervades the whole created universe, and he would so penetrate into the secrets of this universal process and communication of life, as to become one with the divine principle that causes and conducts it. Mysticism, therefore, is a distinct form of philosophy. The mystic is a philosopher ; and if he differs from other philosophers, it is not in the object of his search, but only in the manner in which the search is conducted. He is a philosopher in his aim, though he may not be in his method. That is to say, while the philosopher so called seeks a knowledge of the absolute by means of the intellect, using induction and deduction, and availing himself of logical processes in order to creep step by step towards his goal, the mystic appeals at once to the testimony of consciousness, claims immediate insight, and, instead of hazarding a doctrine which he has argued, announces a truth which he has seen. The philosopher studies the mystery of being in its outward manifestations ; the mystic studies it in its inward revealings. The philosopher observes phenomena and their relations to each other ; the mystic contemplates ultimate laws and data in his own soul.

Mysticism, we assert, has its speculative, or rather its intellectual side ; it has a clear and positive element of thought. It has a psychology. This is expressed under an active form

in the doctrine of intuition. The mystic affirms the existence in man of a separate faculty, which he calls the intuitive faculty, whose office is to gaze directly on the pure and abstract and ideal truth. The soul, he contends, possesses an eye, which beholds spiritual things as palpably as the eye of sense beholds the world of sense. There is an interior illumination, sometimes described as a natural endowment of the human soul, and sometimes as a special gift of the Divine grace. "There is something in the soul," says Eckart, "which is above the soul,—divine, simple, rather unnamed than namable, not so much known as unknown. Of this I am wont to speak in my sermons, and sometimes I have called it a power, sometimes an uncreated light, sometimes a divine spark. It is higher than knowledge, higher than love, higher than grace. This spark rejects all creatures, and will have only God, simply as he is in himself. This light is satisfied only with the super-essential essence. It is bent on entering into the simple ground, the still waste,—into the unity where no man dwelleth. There is it satisfied in the light."

The purest speculative philosophy has always contended for the existence of this spiritual faculty, and has thereby placed itself in the mystical category. It is abundantly confessed in Neo-Platonism. Plotinus called it intuition, which is absolute knowledge founded on the identity of the mind knowing with the object known. "You can only apprehend the Infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state in which you are your finite self no longer, in which the Divine Essence is communicated to you." Schelling calls it "the intellectual vision," by which man, carried out of himself, does in a manner think divine thoughts,—views all things from their highest point,—mind and matter from the centre of their identity. It is the pure reason of Kant, the oversoul of Emerson, the inner light of George Fox, the spiritual consciousness of Theodore Parker. Spinoza, Hegel, Schleiermacher, all recognized as the foundation of their systems this transcendental faculty by which the finite and the Infinite "realized their identity." In fact, the German mysticism of the fourteenth century seems in some of its characteristic traits to have anticipated the severest German philosophy of the eighteenth. As Bunsen says,

"The 'Friends of God' paved the way for that spiritual philosophy of the mind of which Kant laid the foundation." Hegel called Eckart's system "a genuine and profound philosophy"; and when Eckart says, "God in himself was not God, in the creature only hath he become God," — when we hear him speak of the trinity of process, of the incarnation as ever renewing itself in men, of redemption as being a divine self-development, — we are strongly reminded of the great master who has wielded his *Logische Idee* so mercilessly over modern thought. Jakob Behmen was early known as the "Teutonic Philosopher"; and a distinguished member of the Hegelian school admits that he came rightly by the appellation, "for his doctrine had a truly speculative import, and his method comprehended completely the spirit of the latest philosophers."

So far, then, in this their crowning doctrine of intuition, the mystics rank with the severest of ancient or modern thinkers, and may claim the same intellectual respect that is awarded to them. But their speculative doctrine had another side, which was peculiar to themselves, and which they loved to make conspicuous. It presented a passive aspect, and resolved itself into a profound contemplation, almost into an entire suspension of intellectual effort. Instead of *exploring* themselves to find the Absolute, they sometimes sunk to the bottom of themselves, and waited for Him. Instead of straining their vision to see Him, they shut their eyes, hoping he would come as a light in the dark. Instead of training their powers of subtlest thought, they did what they could to erase all traces of thought, and present a clean tablet for God to write his name upon. Hear Tauler speak about this: "When, through all manner of exercises, the outward man has been converted into the inward reasonable man, — and thus the two are gathered up into the very centre of the man's being, and thus he flings himself into the divine abyss in which he dwelt eternally before he was created, — the Godhead, finding the man thus simply and nakedly turned towards him, bends down and descends into the depths of the pure, waiting soul, and draws it up into the uncreated essence, so that the spirit becomes one with Him." Descartes, the

philosopher, taught that certain notions of the laws of nature are impressed upon the human mind, by reflecting on which the secrets of the universe may be discovered; how far is this from Bernard the Mystic, who declared that each soul contained a perfect copy of the ideas that were in the Divine mind, so that the pure in heart, in proportion as they have cleansed the internal mirror, must, in knowing themselves, know God also. "The Greek Church, at the Synod of Constantinople," says Lange, "innocently canonized somnambulism, as a highly sanctified form of revelation." This spirit of calm, absorbed, and passive contemplation had its genial side, which is beautifully expressed in the following poem by Jelaleddin Rumi, a Sufi author of the thirteenth century. Chinese and Greek artists dispute before a Sultan.

"The Chinese ask him for a thousand colors.
 All that they ask he gives right royally;
 And every morning from his treasure-house
 A hundred sorts are largely dealt them out.
 The Greeks despise all color as a stain, —
 Effacing every hue with nicest care.
 Brighter and brighter shines their polished front,
 More dazzling soon than gleams the floor of heaven.
 And now at length are China's artists ready,
 The cymbals clang, — the Sultan hastens thither,
 And sees enwrap the glorious gorgeousness,
 Smit nigh to swooning by those beamy splendors.
 Then to the Grecian palace opposite,
 Just as the Greeks have put their curtain back,
 Down glides a sunbeam through the rifted clouds;
 And lo, the colors of that rainbow house
 Shine all reflected on those glassy walls
 That face them rivalling: the sun hath painted
 With lovelier blending on that stony mirror
 The colors spread by man so artfully.
 Know then, O friend! such Greeks the Sufis are,
 Owning nor book nor master, and on earth
 Having one sole and simple task, — to make
 Their hearts a stainless mirror for their God.
 Is thy heart clear and argent as the moon?
 Then imaged there may rest, innumerable,
 The forms and hues of heaven."

The like admonitions are given us by all mystics. Thus Angelus Silesius says:

"Man! wouldst thou look on God in heaven or while yet here,
Thy heart must first of all become a mirror clear."

Nay, we may stay at home, and from our own genuine and glorious and beloved mystic hear the same counsel. "It seems as if the law of the intellect resembled that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire the breath,—by which the heart now draws in, then hurls out the blood,—the law of undulation. So now you must labor with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth." And again: "As the traveler who has lost his way throws his reins on his horse's neck, and trusts to the instinct of the animal to find his road, so must we do with the divine animal who carries us through this world."

We must not fancy, however, that the mystic in this act of withdrawal and waiting is inert. His activity is not stopped, it is inverted. The outgoing energy is repressed only that the energy may strike in; and it is only in order that the introspection may be perfect, that the vision which looks after objective truths is shut. No class of men in this world have done so much lonely, intense, persistent thinking as these "dreaming" mystics. No minds have been concentrated as theirs have been on the most abstruse problems of being. No books demand such patient exercise of the mind's most subtile powers. They are truly scriptures, full of deep meanings, which we take up in our loftiest moods of meditation, that those moods may be more exalted and more sustained.

We have spoken briefly, but not otherwise than clearly, we hope, of the intellectual or the speculative methods by which the mystic endeavored to penetrate the secret of the Absolute, and to detect the process by which the ultimate essence of things met and identified itself with the finite creature. But his favorite method, on the whole, was not intellectual, it was spiritual; and its organ of insight and knowledge was the heart, not the reason. Surely no earnest New-Testament Christian can deny that the mystic had the very highest authority for adopting this method of arriving at his object, which was the union of his spirit with the Infinite Spirit, and the knowledge of God through God's likeness. None can

deny that thus he was on the way, if not to a philosophy, at all events to a very profound and elevated wisdom. For does not John say, "God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him"? And doth not a greater than John say, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"? These words the mystics read, believed, lived on, and endeavored to live out, with a singleness of purpose that was all their own. Their books abound in the richest sayings. "In a man who is made a partaker of the Divine nature there is a thorough and deep humility; and where this is not, the man hath not been made a partaker of the Divine nature." "When the true Divine light and love dwell in a man, he loveth nothing else but God alone; for he loveth God as goodness, and for the sake of goodness, and all goodness as one, and one as all." "Then is God in the man, when there is nothing in him which is contrary to the will of God." "Did we all we should, God would do to us all we would." "Love is the noblest of all virtues, for it makes man divine, and makes God man." "If a man will give his heart to God, God will give him in return greater gifts than if he were to suffer death over again for him." "Speaking of things human, we say they must be known in order to be loved. The saints, on the contrary, speaking of divine things, say, 'We must love them in order to know them, and it is only by charity that we enter into truth.'" "The heart that abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all its works. In ascending to this primary and original sentiment, we have come from our remote station on the circumference instantaneously to the centre of the world, where, as in the closet of God, we see causes, and anticipate the universe." "Let man learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart: this, namely, that the Highest dwells with him; that the sources of nature are in his own mind if the sentiment of duty is there." The poetry of the Moravians and Wesleyans is saturated with this element of mysticism. We find it in the writings of Channing. The pages of Martineau are aglow with it. Yes, from the volumes of Theodore Parker we could quote paragraph on paragraph that might have been taken fresh from Kempis and Law. For example: "A man's power of con-

science is the measure of his moral communion with the Infinite." "In the sentiment of love man and his God are one."

The several paths of intuition, contemplation, and experience by which these holy mystics travelled on their way to their hidden shrine cannot be traced with distinctness across the region they traversed, nor can the various groups of pilgrims towards the Blessed Life be described with anything approaching Chaucer's minuteness of detail. The bands are constantly joining company. They who started by the road of speculation fall so easily into that of experience, and they who struck into the way of passion go such long distances over the highway of thought, — the philosophers make so much account of the spiritual sentiments, and the sentimentalists deal so largely in philosophy, — that our attempts at nice classification are futile. As a general thing, however, it may be said, that in the mysticism of the ancient Church the speculative element was predominant. As the Greek Church busied itself mainly with the theological aspects of the religious dogma, mysticism turned in the same direction, plunged into the transcendental abysses of the Absolute Deity, meditated on the union of the One with its parts, of the Infinite with the finite, of the real with the apparent, and built up the astonishing system of ranks and hierarchies which left such a deep impression on the leading intellects of the Middle Ages. John Scotus Erigena, whose vast intelligence is a marvel of grandeur even to us who look back upon him through the space of a thousand years, erected his comprehensive scheme of divinity on the basis laid by the Greek Dionysius; and Thomas Aquinas, known first as the "Dumb Ox" and last as the "Angelical Doctor," author of the most masterly compend of scholastic divinity, admitted premises into his theology that almost made him a mystic.

To this intellectual tendency of mysticism, which showed itself in endeavors to elaborate a complete system of Christian dogmatics, the mysticism of the later Church opposed the sentimental or religious tendency, which abandoned dialectics and occupied itself with the experiences of the inner, spiritual life, with a view partly of warming up the frigid logic of the Schoolmen with the glow of devotional feeling, and partly of

discovering, by inward and deep searching of the spirit, the point at which the soul met Deity and melted in the embrace of the Infinite. This tendency was encouraged by men like Bernard of Clairvaux, the St. Victors, Hugo and Richard, Bonaventura, Gerson, Ruysbroek, the contemporary of Tauler, and others of less note, who carried the leading thought into fantastic and fanatical results.

Eckart and Tauler and the author of the *Theologia Germanica*, in the fourteenth century, introduced a third form of mysticism, which may be called the Protestant, in which the two elements, the intellectual and the sentimental, thought and feeling, speculation and experience, are joined and intermingled. These are the mystics we most love. In these, mysticism becomes rich, ripe, and blooming. For while, on the one side, they satisfy the demands of the most exacting thought, and lead us away into regions of pure and noble speculation on the deepest problems of being, on the other side they meet the heart's most yearning and tender feeling, gratify the vague and infinite longings of the soul for rest and comfort and joy in a divine companionship, and win the holiest affections to the blessing of the holiest love.

No reasonable person will expect to hear that all mystics, in all ages and under all circumstances, have taken the same stand, taught the same doctrines, or sympathized with the same movements. How can we ask for perfect accord among those who with the eye of the spirit search for the God within them, when such sad and hopeless disagreements obtain among those who with the eye of sense search for the God without? The faculty of intuition, like the power of sight, will not in all cases make the same report upon the realities on which it gazes. The heart's feeling, like the body's sensation, will, in the various states to which it is subjected, make various representations of the world with which it deals. The contemplative mind may be exposed to changes of temperature and alterations in its degrees of power, as well as the speculative mind; and even the rapt and saintly soul may be liable to moods in its experience which will disturb the clear serenity of the gaze when it is turned full towards the Absolute.

Still, there are certain general tendencies that belong as

a rule to mysticism; and there are certain general principles which mysticism, as such, with only an occasional exception, holds in common.

Thus it may be said, that mystics as a rule have stood sturdily up for the soul's light, right, and freedom against ecclesiastical authority. This we should expect, for they build their whole system upon the capabilities and privileges of the soul. That it is that holds immediate intercourse with the Infinite Spirit of Power: to that God imparts himself; in that God dwells; that is his holy of holies, his secret and inviolable shrine. By virtue of this direct intercommunion, each man rises to the stature of his spiritual manhood, becomes a king and priest to himself.

"Who stands already on heaven's topmost dome
Needs not to search for ladders."

"Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away; means, teachers, texts, temples, fall." As Mr. Vaughan justly says, the best of the Romish mystics are questionable Romanists. Tauler and Madame Guyon were more Protestant than they knew. Fenelon himself, submissive as he was to his spiritual superiors, reading meekly his own condemnation from his own pulpit, had a spirit within him which drew down upon him condemnation, and made him, little as he suspected it, an uneasy slave of Pope and priesthood,—a spirit whose very loftiness and purity and deep inward calm saved him from revolt, by opening to him the mystic shrine where he found peace in communion with the Eternal and companionship with the Father, who was always with him there. Even the gloomy Spanish mystic, St. Theresa, whose miserable life of agony and ecstasy was wholly devoted to the maintenance of the doctrine of blind obedience to ecclesiastical authority, secretly undermined that authority by whatever was genuine in her mysticism. She tells us, that whenever the Lord bade her in prayer to do anything, and her confessor ordered the opposite, the Divine Guide enjoined obedience to the human; but then, she adds naïvely, the Divine Guide went to the confessor, and bade him reverse his counsel. She was to go through the form of obeying the priest, but the priest, in good sooth, obeyed her. "My daugh-

ter," she said, "I know that God fully enters into me, by an infallible assurance which God alone gives." This is said in the genuine spirit of mysticism; but it is also said in the true spirit of Protestantism; and nowhere but in Spain could it have been said without peril more or less immediate to the infallibility of Rome.

Again, it may be safely asserted, that mysticism has with remarkable unanimity of consent opposed the spirit to the form. The mystic is only by rare exception a ritualist or a sacramentalist. Even when he urges the sanctity of the sacrament, and presses the practice of the rite, he is not blinded to the distinction between a saving and a helping ordinance, nor does he forget that pious observances, however valuable they may be as aids to the spiritual life, cannot be accepted as anything more than aids.

"The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart alone will make thee whole,"

expresses the mind of the mystics on this matter. It is needless to accumulate evidence upon a point which must be yielded without even a show of proof by every person who understands at all the genius of mysticism as we have described it. The truth is, that in this direction, more than in any other, the earnest mystics pushed their principles so far as to terrify their own friends. Eckart and Tauler felt called on to remonstrate against the spirituality that soars above ordinances. The Quaker would have no priest, no clergy, no ritual, no altar for sacrifice, no table for communion, no font for baptism, no symbol or emblem. He is the true and finished mystic in an age when mysticism dared to be sincere; for he retires into himself, and waits for the immediate word, saying: "In silence there is fulness; in fulness there is nothingness; in nothingness there is all things."

With even less qualification, perhaps, it may be held as a truth, that mysticism, emphasizing the language of St. Paul, has vindicated the supremacy of the inspired Word over the letter of Scripture and of creed. It has been the consistent and determined foe to literalism. The historical side of Revelation it holds in very small esteem, in comparison with the soul's immediate vision of the Divine truth contained in the

Revelation. "The three-leaved book is within me," says Behmen. "The literal Scripture," says Sebastian Frank, "contains nothing but discrepancies and contradictions. The believer must have a higher light, master, and witness of his faith than the mere letter of the Bible, for the sense and meaning is according to the Spirit alone, the Word of God, eternally abiding." In order to penetrate below the surface of the Scriptures, to their hidden sense, the mystics, from Asiatic Origen to German Swedenborg, Bernard of Clairvaux, Richard St. Victor, and all the rest included, resorted to the allegorical interpretation, and thus saved both inspirations, that of the written and that of the unwritten word. But not infrequently the mystic broke through all show of deference to the sacred letter, and made no scruple of setting it on one side when it seemed inconsistent with the interior revelation. Thus, Behmen, commenting on Genesis i. 14-19, remarks gravely, "This description shows sufficiently that the dear man, Moses, was not the original author thereof; for the first writer did not know either the true God or the stars, what they were." But in former days, as in these, there had been mystics who would not be satisfied with this so moderate emancipation from the "deadly letter,"—mystics who discarded even a decent respect for the Bible, and deemed the inward utterance of the most earthly spirit a less fallible oracle than the Scripture word. Carlstadt, an eminent scholar and professor, sent his students home, laid aside his Hebrew and Greek, and went about among poor people, submitting to them the hard passages of Scripture, and putting down their crude guesses and senseless mumblings as the special revelations of that Spirit whose deepest things, hidden from the wise and prudent, are made clear unto babes. Let us not charge such extravagances as these to the great class of mystics, or regard them as involved legitimately in the genius of mysticism. The true mystic never failed to try the spirits, whether they were of God. Only the simple, transparent, pure, and humble soul was admitted to be blessed with the unspeakable privilege of receiving from the Highest the disclosures of spiritual truth; to none others was he pledged to believe that the Spirit of Truth came at all. He had no faith in the

inspiration of the unspiritual, whether they were wise or simple. Only in the inspiration of the spiritual had he faith.

From what has been already said, the general features of the mystic's creed may easily enough be inferred. The great points have been indicated, if not stated. But we shall have done very little unless we do more than this; and, accordingly, we must attempt the drawing up of a list of articles which shall contain the essence, at least, of the general belief of mysticism.

1. The first article announces itself. It is the belief in an indwelling God; faith that the Infinite enters into the soul, lives in it, works in it, communicates to it its life, blends with it, and becomes one with it in a union so close that the line of division between the human and the divine is wholly untraceable, and is in fact completely obliterated. This belief lies at the very root of mysticism, and without it no such thing as mysticism would be possible. That there is a point of contact at which God and man, spirit and flesh, pass into each other, and become one, is the persuasion from which the mystic departs and to which he continually returns. Sometimes this belief runs into pantheism; the Divine absorbs the human; God is all, man is nothing. Mystical writings abound in passages which, being literally interpreted, would commit the author to the pantheistic philosophy. "God became man," said Augustine, "in order that man might become God." And again, "From a good man or a good angel take away angel, take away man, and you find God." Hear Eckart speak: "The righteous man is, without distinction, in substance and in nature what God is." "He is a being that has all being in himself." "All things are in God, and all things are God." "All creatures are a speaking of God." "God and I are one in the act of my perceiving him." Almost word for word we read the same thought in Emerson, "The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God." The charge of pantheism — for charge, and bitter charge, it has always been and is — lies at the door of Dionysius and Erigena and Behmen. None indeed escape it who, on the wings of meditation or by flights of rapture, lose themselves in the cloudy infinite, and are pleased to feel their personality overshadowed and absorbed

in the immensity of God. If the mystics were pantheists, they were religious and devout pantheists, who lost themselves in God in order that they might find themselves in heaven. Their pantheism was the pantheism of faith and love, the pantheism of feeling, which would tear off the Nessus shirt of sin, though the very substance they were made of came away with it. They would live and move and have their being in God, because he was the all-pure and holy; and if they could do this only by the annihilation of the personal will and self, then let these be annihilated. It will surely be pardoned such men, were pantheism ever so great a sin, that they forgot their dialectics for an instant in their adoration, and to such an extent lost themselves in the beatific vision, that they did not know whether or not they were themselves, and woke to the fact of personal consciousness with a disagreeable start of surprise. Why should we be so anxious to pull men down from the divine Pleroma into the prison of personal identity? If God is free, what ask we more? If God wills for us, why is that not enough? If God works within us and over us and through us, surely his working is better than any of ours, and may spare us some solicitude in regard to our own private share in the operations of the universe. The saintliest souls have always said in their highest hour, "Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory"; and, seeing that they who have willed most steadily and wrought most efficiently have ever been foremost to disown their will, we may venture, in spite of his pantheism, to take the mystic to our breast. "If any man hath understood this sermon," says Eckart, "it is well for him. He who hath not understood it, let him not trouble his heart therewith, for as long as a man is not himself like unto this truth, so long will he never understand it."

While thus, on the one side, the doctrine of the indwelling God toppled over into pantheism, on the other side it leaned toward idealism. If from one view it made God everything and man nothing, from another view it made man everything and God nothing. And this tendency was as natural, as logical, as inevitable, as the opposite. In this twilight region where the mystic dwelt, the recognition of persons could hardly be kept clear, and the interchange of identities was a

thing of continual occurrence. When the union of the Infinite and the finite becomes perfect, is it God who comes to consciousness in man, or is it man who loses his consciousness in God? The ocean may fill the creek, but the shore of the creek shapes the body of water it contains. The human personality has its walls and limits, and all within them is its own. There is no impugning the logic of the transcendentalist who said, "God is one of my ideas." However much thought may be expanded, however high feeling may rise, thought and feeling are our own. Nor can the ecstasy of a divine rapture take us absolutely out of ourselves. All the eternities become absorbed by the soul. Bustami, the Sufi of the ninth century, said: "I am a sea without bottom, without beginning, without end; I am the throne of God, the word of God; I am Gabriel, Michael, Israfil; I am Abraham, Moses, Jesus," — words which the New England mystic of the nineteenth century echoes in the stanza prefixed to his *Essay on History*. Language savoring more strongly of blasphemy it would be hard to quote. And yet the mystic idealist, who honored his mysticism and was true to its earnest spirit, was no blasphemer, nor was he chargeable with the sin of arrogance. Holding himself to be divine, he honored the divine in himself; in his imperfection worshipping his own Perfect, he did truly worship the most perfect he knew. No vulgar selfishness clung to the selfhood he revered; for that selfhood was the *inner* selfhood, the root of his most sacred being, by which he drew sustenance from the deep bosom of the Eternal. If he was the culminating point in the spiritual universe, it was Deity who culminated in him, and was as adorable, as holy, as ever. Whoso thinks himself a worm may crawl in the dirt, and will crawl. But how shall he do anything but soar who thinks himself a god? If he does not soar, he thinks himself not God. Idealist or pantheist, the mystic is devout, humble, aspiring, pure. Whatever he said he meant, — what at bottom is deeply true, and as such is confessed by all spiritual men, — namely, that God does live and work within us, and that his presence in the soul is as real as his presence in the outer universe. "You know, Doctor," said Ruysbroek to Tauler, "I have not your learning, and cannot so accurately as I

would say what I mean. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!"

2. The next article in the mystic's creed was, "Christ the spirit"; Christ taken out of Judæa, stripped of his Hebrew dress, divested of all local and historical integuments, and, as a purely spiritual person, brought to the sympathizing soul of man. The mystic was no heretic of the Arian or Unitarian sort; he was no humanitarian or rationalist; but no advocate of "Neo-Christianity" ever believed less in the Christ after the flesh. "The outward historical Christ," said Sebastian Frank, "like everything outward, is a mere figure, monument, symbol, like the letters of a word. The inward, eternal man is not flesh and blood, but pure spirit,—spirit of spirit, born of God." "The true Christ is not outside of us, but within us; the inborn centre of manhood; the Everlasting Word of God." In similar strain Angelus Silesius:—

"In vain for thee hath Christ in Bethlehem been born;
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn."

Some of the more extravagant mystics of the Catholic Church received this doctrine of the Christ ensouled with more liberalness than spirituality. A *post-mortem* examination disclosed in the right heart of the saintly Clara of Montfaucon a tiny figure of the Saviour on the cross, about the size of a finger, with the bloody napkin, the nails, the thorn crown, the spear, and all the emblems of the passion. The lance was so sharp, that the vicar-general, who was assisting at the ceremony, incautiously pricked his right-reverend thumb. Such things were accredited once, and are doubtless accredited now. The Protestant mystic was satisfied, through his self-examination, when the ideal man was formed within. The Christ became real in history by becoming real in experience, and was nothing except to the spirit.

3. The mystic, in his contemplation of the Absolute, denied the existence of evil as a substantial entity in the world. Evil with him was a dark negation, a shadow, a want. It was absence of good; it was the abyss of nothingness. Light and life only were positive and active powers, working with direct purposes towards direct results; the more there was of energy, the more there was of good; the more being, the more blessedness.

In the *Theologia Germanica* — the book of which Luther said that he owed more to it of his knowledge of what God and Christ and man and all things are, than to any writings save the Bible and those of St. Augustine — we find the doctrine of mysticism on this point fully and intelligibly set forth. In Chapter XXXVI. of that little volume we read: "Ye must know that no creature is contrary to God, or hateful or grievous unto him, in so far as it is, liveth, knoweth, hath power to do or produce aught, and so forth; for all this is not contrary to God. That an evil spirit or a man is, liveth, and the like, is altogether good and of God; for God is the being of all that are, and the life of all that live, and the wisdom of all the wise; for all things have their being more truly in God than in themselves. And also all their powers, knowledge, life, and the rest: for if it were not so, God would not be all good." Hell, according to Eckart, is the region where God is not. That which burns in hell is nothing. Here is his illustration. A coal of fire has something in it which the hand has not; it is the absence of this quality in the hand which causes suffering when the coal is laid upon it. "If my hand possessed all the essence and qualities of the coal, you might throw all the fire that ever burned upon my hand, it would not give me pain. In like manner, if God and those who are in the light of his countenance have aught of true blessedness, which those who are separated from God have not, it is that same *not* which tortures the souls in hell." "He has swept the universe as clean of the Devil as a housewife's platter at a christening," said the coarse priest of the Church.

Behmen admitted the two antagonistic principles of good and evil; but by placing them both in the original essence of God, — by making their antagonism necessary to the perfect unfolding of life, and by contrasting them as light is contrasted with darkness, joy with sorrow, pleasure with pain, — he would seem to teach that evil was not an absolute entity, not an essence, but only a dead oppugnancy or negation of essence. The essential elements of things are indestructible; and the man who regards evil as a providential factor in the evolution of the Infinite Love in the world, very effectually takes the diabolic element from the Devil.

But how shall we explain, consistently with this theory of evil, the fact that these mystics were such terrible believers in sin, as most undoubtedly they were? Whatever their theory of Satan may have been, they cherished a fierce hatred of something which they called Satan, and which they clearly supposed to be a most abominable and dangerous thing. What was it? We reply, it was precisely this absence and destitution of God. Sin with them was selfishness, — the claiming something for self, the asserting something as one's own, and so snatching it, and one's being with it so far, from the regenerating life of the Absolute. To abandon self, so that it shall be wholly forgotten and lost in God, is the one sure way to the blessed life. All virtues are summed up in self-renunciation. Whatever is tainted with egotism, whatever allows the Me, the Mine, to cling to it, must be put away. Sin flies before the incoming of the Divine Goodness as darkness vanishes before the light of the sun. "Whenever a man enters into this union with God, that God is so dear to him that he forgets himself, nor seeks himself either in time or in eternity, so oft does he become free from all his sins and all his purgatory, though he should have committed all the sins of all mankind." The pages of the mystics are crowded with the like thoughts and expressions. Thus Madame Guyon: "When the soul passes out of itself, which is *limited*, and therefore is *not* God, and *consequently is evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which *is* God, and therefore is the true good." We will say, with Charles Kingsley, to those who long to be freed, not merely from the punishment of sin after they die, but from sin itself while they live on earth, and who therefore wish to know what sin is, that they may avoid it, the writings of these noble mystics will commend themselves. They will find in them the most resplendent sunshine of cheerfulness, and the most serious exhortations to endeavor, — the utmost hopefulness of theory, and the utmost earnestness of purpose. If sin is a shadow to be dispersed by going out into the light, who will despair because of his sin? who will brood over his sin, and make himself melancholy about it? who will vex himself at all with it, or do anything else than turn his back upon it, and in God's light see light?

We do not deny, nor would we conceal from any, the fact that this doctrine of self-renunciation was associated here and there with austerities. Not always did the mystic resign in happy self-abandonment the desires which, having in them nothing of God, made him an exile from the bliss he professed to seek ; not always did the Divine attraction draw him sweetly away from his worldliness ; too often, turning his back on the heaven whose beauty might have won him to peaceful self-oblivion, he bent himself sternly to the task of uprooting the loves he should have quietly neglected till they died. Self-renunciation became self-torture and self-crucifixion. The lives of the Spanish mystics especially, but of nearly all the mystics in some measure, are stories of self-inflicted abuse. We are seldom permitted to forget the horrors of the scene on Calvary. Even Madame Guyon, in her earlier stages of enthusiasm, tore her flesh with thorns, stung herself to desperation with nettles, lashed her shoulders with iron-pointed scourges, persisted in eating what was most nauseous, and, if it was not sufficiently disgusting, put in wormwood and coloquintida to make it more so, walked with stones in her shoes, and rejoiced when the small-pox destroyed her beauty. But let us not hastily charge this wretched fanaticism to the mystic's creed, nor hold mysticism responsible for excesses it could not avoid in that age when religion always mentioned in the same breath the world, the flesh, and the Devil, and knew no way of subduing the evil principle but by scorning and bruising the body in which it was supposed to have its seat. There was nothing in the genius of mysticism that was peculiarly calculated to encourage, certainly there was nothing especially tending to originate, asceticism ; and there was that in the genius of mysticism which would rather aid its devotees to neglect asceticism and put it away. The beautiful doctrine of disinterested love, for instance, had its genial, warm, happy, and spiritual side ; and this side it put conspicuously forward when it dwelt on the infinite loveliness and grace of God, and assured men that all the Eternal asked of them was that they would let more wisdom into their minds, more goodness into their hearts, more faith, hope, aspiration, into their souls, and by so doing would scatter peace and joy

and blessedness over every portion of their existence. There was nothing gloomy in the doctrine, however charged with self-renunciation, that bade men walk in light and become children of the light. The sacrifice which such a doctrine inculcated was a sacrifice that was its own immediate and all-sufficing joy.

4. We come now to the mystic's deep spiritual doctrine respecting the human will and its freedom, for the intelligent appreciation of which it is altogether needful that we should put away our scholasticism, forget our logical prejudices, sweep clean from our minds the cobweb hypotheses of arbitrary choice and necessarianism, and enter the spiritual sphere where our mystics dwell. We must remember that the point from which they proceed, to which they go, round which they revolve, and at which they rest in permanent and blessed satisfaction, is the communion of life; the oneness of life between man and God; the identity of life in the absolute and the relative, the finite and the infinite. The creature in itself has no substance; as an individual, distinct, self-existing, self-moving, self-directing entity it is nothing. In God it lives and moves and has its being. The rational creature, man, is an instrument, a wonderful harp, so constructed that the great symphonies of creation may be skilfully and audibly played on its thousand strings. So long as his faculties are harmoniously attuned to each other, and offer themselves readily to the high purpose for which they were created,—so long as the Eternal Spirit breathes through him without obstruction, and in him expresses its perfect will,—so long the man is free, and his will is free; free, because actuated and informed by the Spirit, which is free by its own nature. Freedom belongs to the Absolute, and the child of the Absolute cannot be bound. Man falls into bondage when he falls out of the union with God in which his life is. The moment he claims anything for his own,—the moment he asserts and dreams that anything he is conscious of possessing, be it reason, love, will, or whatever else that comes nearest to his personality, originates with him, lies at his disposal, or may be used for his benefit,—that moment he cuts himself off from the everlasting life, and thrusts himself into the outer darkness. He, with all he has and is, becomes

a slave. The animal nature tyrannizes over him; he is constrained by blind, dumb instinct; he is at the mercy of every ignorant, random lust; he cannot soar, nor sing; he is not at liberty to go where the Father leads his happy children, or to do what they do, because the love of the Perfect Good compels them, and they cannot help it. Necessity is laid on them, as on him; they cannot swerve from the course in which the Spirit moves them; but their necessity is a privilege, their constraint is a release, their service is a joy; they never think of themselves as slaves because they are bound to worship and adoration; we do not speak of men as being slaves to truth and justice and love; they are constrained just as Christ was constrained, who had no choice to be other than lowly, pure, and beneficent, who could not help healing men's sicknesses, and comforting their sorrows, and whose indignation leaped forth on the scribe and Pharisee as inevitably as the lightning leaps from the overcharged cloud. They are constrained precisely as God is constrained, who cannot with all his omnipotence perpetrate an iniquity or tell a lie. But he on the other hand, the self-willed, the arrogant, feels no exultation in *his* chains, but only perpetual torment and wrath; if at peace, his peace is the mouldy quiet of the grave, or the desperate abandonment of hell. Man becomes free, therefore, when he ascends from lower to higher states; he comes to himself when he leaves himself; he finds his life when he loses it. Self-renunciation is the condition of liberty. That the mystic's doctrine is that of the New Testament, no one can doubt who has pondered the many deeply significant sayings of Paul and Jesus. That it is the teaching of a spiritual philosophy, must be equally evident to all who are read in that philosophy. It even escapes the steel fingers of the fatalistic logician, for the mystic abandons entirely the attempt to justify the vulgar notion of arbitrary choice. He admits that man, through all the departments of his being, is under law; the question is, What law? the law of nature, or the law of spirit? the law of corruption, or the law of life? "In the whole realm of freedom," says the *Theologia Germanica*, "nothing is so free as the will, and he who leaveth it in its freedom hath content, peace, rest, and blessedness, in time and in eternity; but he who maketh it his own,

and suffereth it not to remain in its excellent freedom and free nobility and free exercise, doeth a grievous wrong. This is what is done by the Devil." And again, "Could a man while on earth be wholly quit of self-will and ownership, and stand up free and large in God's true light, and continue therein, he would be sure of the kingdom of heaven." And this the mystic is confident any man may do if he will but resign himself to the working of that Being whose only wish is to make him his own.

5. Very naturally, from all that has been said, proceeds the mystic's doctrine of eternal life, a doctrine most impressive and inspiring. The eternal life is the life, the vigor, of the eternal part, of the spirit in man. Eternity with the mystic is an experience, not a date; it is inward life; time has nothing to do with it, for it is altogether *out* of time; it is life of purity, holiness, worship, charity,—elements that are wholly independent of hours, days, years, æons. God is eternal, not because he lives so long, but because he lives so greatly; because he *is* what he *is*, a free spirit of goodness; and man becomes eternal when he ascends into the region of thought and love. Though the term of his conscious existence ran on for millions on millions of ages, if his existence were low, grovelling, sensual, he would no more be a partaker of the life eternal, than the brute that on dying is resolved forever into dust. And though he shared the fate of the brute in so far as his conscious identity was concerned, though he lived but a single decade of years, and then passed away like an exhalation; if in that time, or for a portion of that time, he rose to the height of a pure hope, an unselfish purpose, or a noble love, he would receive and enjoy the life eternal, which is the full activity of the soul. Says Jakob Behmen: "I cannot describe unto thee the whole Deity by the circumference or extent of a circle, for it is immeasurable; but to that spirit which is in God's love it is not incomprehensible. If man's eyes were but opened, he should see God everywhere in his heaven, for heaven stands in the inmost birth. When Stephen saw the heavens opened, and the Lord Jesus at the right hand of God, his spirit did not first swing itself up aloft into the upper heaven, but it penetrated or pressed into the innermost

birth, wherein heaven is everywhere. Neither must thou think that the soul, when it departs from the body, goes aloft into the upper heaven, many hundred thousand miles off. It is introduced to the innermost birth, and there it is with God, and in God, and with all the holy angels, and can suddenly be above and suddenly beneath. For in the innermost birth the upper and nether Deity is an open gate; the holy angels converse and walk up and down in the innermost birth of this world, as well as in the uppermost world aloft. The Gate of the Deity in the upper heaven is no other and no brighter than it is in this world." "I shall be sorry," said Eckart, "if I am not younger to-morrow than I am to-day."

6. Our sketch of the mystic's creed would be incomplete without so much as a reference, at least, to his grand doctrine of correspondences. We are in the habit of associating this doctrine mainly with the name of Swedenborg; but it was held by every true believer in mysticism, and is indeed a natural, if not an inevitable, inference from his primary truth, the essential oneness of the natural and the spiritual. If the realm of nature and the realm of spirit have, at last, one root, then it would seem to follow that nature must be the form and manifestation of spirit; and in this assertion the doctrine of correspondences has its basis. Nature is form of spirit. The material universe is a book of symbols, each embodying some spiritual truth or law. The *Theologia Germanica* is not poetical, but in it we find this lovely passage, suggestive of more things than Swedenborg has revealed: "This world is verily an outer court of the Eternal, and specially whatever in time, or any temporal things or creatures, manifesteth or remindeth us of God or eternity; for the creatures are a guide and a path unto God and eternity. Thus this world is an outer court of eternity." The true and illuminated mystic cannot be other than a poet: he lives in a world whose every atom declares the power, wisdom, love, of the Infinite Father; whose lines all run out into infinity; whose shapes are decreed by unseen realities lying behind them; whose substances are representative of powers latent in the Godhead till thus expressed; whose very stones are hieroglyphics; whose every particle and part was formed after the pattern that was shown

on the Mount. The mystic is fond of metaphors and tropes ; he deals in quaint emblems and allegories ; his writings are rich in imagery and figures of speech. The German mysticism is not so distinguished for this poetic element as the Persian, the Greek, the Spanish, the French, or even the English ; and yet Jakob Behmen, the Coryphæus of mystics, — the deepest, subtlest, boldest of them all, — more than all revels in the region of imagination. His fancy is inexhaustible ; there is absolutely no bottom, no limit, to its wealth of symbolism. The charming forms actually crowd upon you, and confuse you with their motions. His chapters run over with myths, whose crystal urns catch and detain every passing rivulet of thought. His pages are loaded with color, like Turner's picture of Acheron, so that it is impossible to trace the design beneath. Behmen seems to have done the best he could to reduce the doctrine of correspondences to a science, by establishing fixed relations between the elements and the spirits, and attaching to each element the significance that belonged to it from the nature of things. He had evidently been studying Paracelsus, and living in thought among the sylphs and gnomes, the Undines and salamanders and green lions, in which the powers of life found their fantastic personifications. The beautiful doctrine of the microcosm was native to mysticism. Man, according to this doctrine, is a pocket edition of the universe ; the whole word is printed in finest characters on his nature ; there is nothing outside of him that has not its representative within him ; and from the centre of his being the invisible threads of sympathy run out to all the ends of the earth. To know himself is to know the universe in all its parts, properties, and elements ; to know himself is to know God.

“ Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides ;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.
Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey ;
His eyes dismount the highest star,

He is in little all the sphere :
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there."

Mysticism is naturally monotonous, for it has but one theme, and that the most abstruse of all, — a theme too vast to be taken in pieces, examined in detail, and subjected to varied treatment, and made preternaturally vast by the nebulous form under which the mystic undertook its survey. Were it not, therefore, for this picturesque and genial side of symbolism, the mystical books would be harder to read than any books whose study is a weariness to the flesh. But the combination of the dim, immense, and shadowy with the sharply cut and gleaming and fantastical, gives precisely the charm which no other literature possesses.

But the genuine mystics carried their symbolism very much further than we have indicated in this brief reference to their books. The finest symbols in which the truths of the spiritual world take form are actions. The true poet is the noble doer, who, instead of singing poems, enacts them in the lofty figurative style of deeds ; and, judged by this standard, the mystic was a poet. No mistake is greater than that which associates mysticism with dreamy inactivity. Its history proves it to have been a very practical spirit, — rarely an idle one ; and when it has been idle, it has owed its idleness to the times in which it flourished, and to the influences to which it was exposed. The Roman Catholic mysticism of Spain was a languishing, sentimental, useless thing. Mr. Vaughan tells us, and tells us very truly, that Saint Theresa "knew little of that charity which makes gracious inroads on the outer world, — no feet-washing do we read of, no hospital-tending, no ministry among the poor. Her ascetic zeal was directed not for, but against, the mitigation of suffering. It made many monks and nuns uncomfortable ; but we are not aware that it made any sinners better, or any wretched happy." But Madame Guyon was a woman of most lovely, gracious, and constant beneficence, — a model in her way of what woman may do in the world for the temporal as well as eternal well-being of her human kind ; and Fénelon was by all eminence the man of charity. All Christendom shows no grander example

of the patient, industrious, humble Christian worker than the mystical Archbishop of Cambray. What phase of outward goodness, wherein the happiness of others was implicated, did he not illustrate? It was he who, mightier in his virtue than an army in steel, went alone, unescorted, among the insurgent Huguenots of Picton, and bade the troubled waters, which the French Xerxes would have whipped into calmness, subside at a word. It was he who found the poor peasant's cow, drove it home at night himself, alone, through an unsafe country, and that too when he had already given the man golden words of comfort for his loss, and golden Louis too for the purchase of another milk-bearer. It would not be fair to say that mysticism made the good Fénelon the saint he was, but it is fair to say that this saint was a mystic, and that mysticism did not mar his morality.

Bunsen pays the noble tribute to the German "Friends of God," that "they were, like the Apostles, men of the people, and practical Christians; while as men of thought their ideas contributed powerfully to the great efforts of the European nations in the sixteenth century." Eckart was mainly a theologian, living in the region of speculation; but he was a very brave theologian, and his speculations had outlooks and tendencies which were so decidedly practical in their effects on the popular mind, that he was summoned as a heretic before the Archbishop of Cologne, to whom he refused to submit, and in spite of whom he went on bravely preaching his doctrine. Slander and persecution had no more power to break his patience, than praise and honors had to change his meekness into pride. John Tauler had a standard of duty that would have made him a hero in any age. A truly loyal and courageous soul he was. In the long and terrible conflict between Pope Benedict XII. and the Emperor Louis, Tauler uncompromisingly took part with the Emperor in advocating his independence of the Papal judgment. And when the Pope laid an interdict upon the Emperor, Tauler went on with his preaching and ministering precisely as if no bull had escaped from the enclosure of the Vatican. It was a bold thing in the fourteenth century to brave a Papal excommunication. The Black Death visited Strasburg, and fearfully augmented the

terror and distress which a renewal of the ban had brought on the people. But Tauler, amid a superabundance of corpses and a dearth of priests, continued his loving ministry to the sickening and the dying, with a devotion that endeared him to the hearts of the simplest people in the city. The clergy could not waste their substance in riotous living when this good man was nigh, and sorely they hated him for bringing his doctrine of the inward life so close to certain vile practices of theirs. "The measure with which we shall be measured is the faculty of love in the soul, the will of a man," said this plain mender of morals. "I tell you, if I were not a priest, I would esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all." Very well that for a mystic in the fourteenth century. "If a man, while busy in lofty inward work, were called to cease therefrom, and cook a broth for some sick person, or any other such service, he should do so willingly and with great joy." It would not be easy to find anything more "practical" than that among those who are not mystics. Nicholas of Basel was unmystical enough to march straight to the stake that loomed up from an ugly pile of fagots; and two of his friends had so much beside the dream element in them, that they perished with him rather than be parted from his side. Heidelberg, Cologne, and Vienne had the honor of putting to the fiery proof the mystic's power of endurance. Several times in the course of this essay we have had occasion to mention the great mystic of New England, the "sage of Concord." His pages are redolent of the sacred lore of the East, and carry about them an air of contemplation which is very far above the dust and hurry of the street: he even ventures in the public lecture to commend Plotinus and Jamblichus to Boston audiences in 1861. But all who know Mr. Emerson, know that he is a practical man; that he can distinguish as well as another between a good bargain and a bad one; that he is singularly well acquainted with the events which transpire in the social world; that he is interested in every species of fact, scientific, historical, literary, artistic, and personal; and that he stands on firm and manly feet, with those terribly earnest and practical men who face the frown and the hiss as they do

battle for popular liberty against the aristocracy and the mob. Affected spirituality seeks the cloister, and finds expression for its sentimentalism in ecstasy and song. Genuine spirituality goes into the street, and will accept no forms as representative or expressive of its character, but the living forms of truth, justice, and humanity.

But while we earnestly vindicate mysticism against the charge of dreaminess and inutility, we confess that it is not on account of its charities that we hold mysticism dear. We love the mystics for their inward, not for their outward life; because they lift us up above the world, not because they make us faithful in it. There are others, and enough of them, who will keep us up to that. We crave more mist and moonlight in America; and that the mystics give to us. They come to us as evening comes, and take us into the cool, gray shadows of the border-land which stretches its irresolute line of shore between night and day. What they show us is little when compared with what they conceal from us; but what they show us is the vast expanse of the Infinite, dotted here and there with the faintly shining stars that stand as outposts to the invisible courts of the Godhead; what they conceal from us is the hard surface, the straight line, the sharp angle, the precise, individual form, which the simple mistake for positiveness, but which the wise know as limitation and narrowness. The atmosphere that surrounds the mystic is an atmosphere of religion, of worship, where fretfulness and care and impatient sorrow are quieted by the peace that reigns over the bottomless deep of the Infinite. The light that shines about the mystic is the twilight where the prying glance of criticism is at fault, and eyes that have no wonder in them, but only speculation, close for lack of objects to look on, and controversy lays down its weapon because it cannot descry a foe, and knowledge passes away and sinks into awe and faith. We love the mystics; we love them all the more for the age we live in, as we love the midsummer night best; and right glad should we be if such books as Mr. Vaughan's might be multiplied, and grace might be given unto men to read them and to enjoy them.

ART. IV.—TWO COLLEGE POEMS.

1. *Prolusiones Academicæ præmiis annuis dignatæ et in Curia Cantabrigiensi [Anglicæ] Recitatæ Comitibus Maximis A. D. M.DCCC.LXI. Cantabrigiæ [Anglorum]. The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington. A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement.* By FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS, Trinity College.
2. *Poem delivered at the Phi Beta Kappa Annual Meeting at Cambridge [Massachusetts], July 15.* By ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER, Esq., of Holliston.

Two college poems reach us, within the same month, from the two Cambridges. This, indeed, happens every year, but that seldom happens which we now record, that the subjects of the two are in the least akin to each other. Mr. Myers's poem, "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington," obtained the Chancellor's medal at the English Cambridge. Prince Albert had selected that striking subject for the competition. The treatment of the subject is careful, perhaps too careful,—scholarly, perhaps too scholarly,—philosophical, certainly too philosophical,—in face of which one defect, however, the poem rises much above the level of "occasional poetry," and very much above the level of prize poems. The danger of the subject is, like the danger of most sermons, that the text will eclipse the comment; and Mr. Myers had, in fact, begun and finished one poem in his opening stanza:—

"Behold, he reared a race and ruled them not,
And he shall rule a race he did not rear;
Warrior and prince, their former feud forgot,
Have found a meeting here."

The criticism is superficial, that Washington, the warrior, never had any feud with Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,—excepting as he was included, on the Calvinistic scheme, in his great-grandfather,—and that Albert Edward certainly never had any feud with Washington. But, passing this, the stanza is a good one, and well versifies the text, which indeed it exhausts. The poet then lays out his new work into divisions. The first compares Washington to a fossil masto-

don, — a being of an earlier epoch, of which we have “one or two stiffened into stone,” and one frozen up in Siberia, —

“Locked in the arms of everlasting ice,
A wonder and an awe.”

The figure is ingenious, perhaps happy, but geology is yet a science too young to have wrought its way well into poetry, and Mr. Myers's great model, Mr. Tennyson, is the only person yet who manages it well. Indeed, it is only in a country as conservative as England that it is considered a compliment to say a man is an old fossil, or is like an old fossil. This is what Mr. Myers says, with the idea that it is the most flattering thing he can say of Washington. Mr. Emerson virtually said it of the English people, in his “English Traits,” and it was evident that their critics regarded it as the highest praise.

The Prince looks on the tomb as he might have done at the Siberian mammoth, —

“With such a marvel looked he on the tomb
Of that the rebel chief, forgiven at length,
With such a reverence pondered he the doom
Of that departed strength.

“And as he thought on him that lay below,
Of what a mighty one the bones were dust,
Surely by some strange sense he seemed to know
The presence of the Just.

“Surely, he could not his own thought control,
But mute in expectation bent his head:
Seemed it not silently a solemn soul
Spake to him from the dead?

“And thereunto he listened wondering,
While thus it said, or thus it seemed to say,
Live with the light and slowly vanishing,
Dead with the dying day.

“‘I crave no pardon, Prince, that, led by me,
This land revolted from thy fathers' rod;
It was not I that set the people free,
It was not I, but God.’”

Thus begins an address made by the shade of Washington to the Prince, which is well sustained through fifteen stanzas.

The Prince heard the spirit, but "answered not." In fact this was what he judiciously did on most occasions, when civic bodies or disembodied spirits addressed him in America. Mr. Myers treats him as carefully as Sir Walter Scott treated Shakespeare. When the Earl of Southampton spoke to him (in Kenilworth), the actor "bowed, but said nothing." The Prince said nothing, but went home. And here, in ten or fifteen very spirited verses, the poem describes the young man's education and his travels:—

"But when the time was ripe, she bade him go,
Nor to his ancient halls return again
Till he might wander far, and widely know
The ways and homes of men :

"For surely such a science well befits
The son who springs with half the earth his own,
And with more honor such a sovereign sits
Upon a revered throne.

"Not Alexander led so far his hosts
Across the earth, a never-travelled way,
Beyond strange streams and o'er astonished coasts,
Bound for the breaking day,

"Nor drove so far the victor youth divine
The linked tigers of his leafy car,
Nor did the robber of the royal kine
His course extend so far.

"Albeit he caught the brazen-footed deer,
And laid the curse of Erymanthis low,
And shook at Lerna o'er the affrighted mere
The terror of his bow."

With these capital lines the poem comes to an apostrophe to the Prince himself, who was fortunately present at its delivery:—

"Hail, flower of Europe, heir of half the earth,
Descendant noble of a noble line !
Blest none from heaven with half so bright a birth,
So fair a fate as thine !"

And with great spirit and success the prophecy of his reign, which closes the poem, is so inwrought with the picture of what it ought to be, that the sternest critic has no right to charge exaggeration upon it.

“For such thy mission, Prince, and such thy praise,
To war forever with the powers of wrong,
To lift the humble into happier days,
Yea, and to crush the strong.”

At the Commencement fêtes at our own Cambridge, the Phi Beta Kappa had fortunately chosen Mr. E. J. Cutler to deliver their poem. We are in the habit of saying that a successful Phi-Beta poem is an impossibility. The precise business of genius, however, is to accomplish impossibilities, and in this line, if we are right, genius has achieved four successes, and only four, in seventy-two years. Of these, the last is Mr. Cutler's poem. Any one who will read it aloud to a fit audience can form some idea of the spectacle upon the platform at Cambridge, as gray-haired men sat in tears, following with enthusiasm the vivid and magnetic delivery of the young poet. We have a right to say, perhaps, that this effect was the more striking, because Mr. Cutler's modesty and ill-health have held him back from most public notice, and beyond the circle of his college friends, who remembered some of his early poems, there was no general expectation that such Tyrtæan trumpet-tone was to be sounded.

We have said that the subjects of these two poems were akin to each other. The kindred is the sad association between the peaceful pageant which welcomed Prince Albert Edward last October, and the “thunders of the rising war” which are sounding through the same nation now, — between the Prince's visit at the tomb of Washington and this wretched rebellion, which places that tomb — shall we say of course — between the watch-fires of the armies of his countrymen. The contrast is sharp, indeed; but none the less does each poem bring into view some of the same scenes, and dwell upon some of the same ideas.

Thus Mr. Myers makes Washington say :

“But through their tumult was I still the same,
And with one watchword kept the land in awe,
Forever steadfast to the single name
Of Liberty and Law.”

We do not forget that this was his watchword as well as ours. The other poet sings :

“ O Law, fair form of Liberty, God’s light is on thy brow, —
O Liberty, the soul of Law, God’s very self art thou !
One the clear river’s sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green,
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the waters in.
Friends whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other’s foe, —
Twin flowers upon a single stalk, with equal grace that grow, —
O fair Ideas, we write your names across our banner’s fold ;
For you the sluggard’s brain is fire, for you the coward bold.
O daughter of the bleeding Past, O hope the Prophets saw,
God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law ! ”

Our first feeling on hearing this inspiring lay was gratitude that our cause is a cause for poetry to deal with, — the cause of humanity, of the future, of liberty, and of law. What God shall be with poets who have to sing the glories of states who are “ building their system on the corner-stone of human slavery,” — as Mr. Stephens puts it, — or who do not dare call on *all* their men and women to help in the encounter ? What God shall be with poets who, as they excite one half those around them to the conflict, have to keep an eye on the other half lest they should hear the echo of the words, “ freedom, truth, and justice ” ? Yet our reader must not suppose Mr. Cutler’s poem is a commonplace on such themes. It has all the local coloring of America, and all the atmosphere of this blessed year, — the year in which men are so glad that they live.

“ Thank God ! we are not buried yet, though long in trance we lay,
Thank God ! the fathers need not blush to own the sons to-day ! ”

We congratulate the country, while we congratulate the poet, that here is one piece of patriot poetry which is destined to live on the lips of children and of old men, and to furnish epigram and inspiration to the camp-fires of this day, and to the literature and eloquence of our descendants.

It is hard to keep from contrasting at least the method of two poems, delivered in two Cambridge theatres the same year. The very names of the young poets contrast the English monarchy against the American republic ; it is *Frederic William Henry* who speaks there, and *Elbridge Jefferson* here. Both of them essay the tempting but difficult introduction of our geographical names into poetry. Mr. Myers has the added difficulty which a foreigner must have, and his spirited stanzas

just suggest to an American criticisms which make him vow that he will never dabble in a like experiment with European names.

“By many a wild wood, many a river fair,
Where stately Susquehanna sweeps along,
And where the nightingale on Delaware
Shrills everlasting song.”

This is a good verse to the ear ; but alas ! there never was a nightingale on Delaware !

“And where the sun on broad Missouri sleeps,
Or loud St. Lawrence speeds him steadfastly,
And where the strength of Niagára leaps
In thunder to the sea.”

Good again. Mr. Myers knows that the Missouri is not on the east of the continent (where the Saturday Review placed it a few weeks since). But nobody but Goldsmith ever said Niagára. Nobody in America ever did, from the first Iroquois down.

“Or those that sail Huronian deeps upon,
Or tread Ontario's solitary shore ;
And all the peoples west to Oregon,
And north to Labrador.”

Good again ; first rate, indeed. But what will they say in the “Loyal Colonies” ? General Jackson would have been delighted by the concession that carried our boundary north to Labrador, giving us all the British Provinces ; and Mr. Polk with the concession which gave us on the west “all the peoples west to Oregon.”

Here is Mr. Cutler's geography. The first extract includes most of the English names.

“That call was heard by Plymouth Rock, 't was heard in Boston Bay ;
Then up the piny streams of Maine sped on its ringing way.
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame ;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame ;
The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent,
And meteor-like across the North the fiery message sent ;
Over the breezy prairie-lands, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man ;
Then on, by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands,
It rang exultant down the sea where the golden city stands.

"And wheresoe'er the summons came there rose an angry din,
 As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in.
 Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
 With flushing cheek, as when the east with day's red current glows.
 Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew;
 The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue!
 We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down
 To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green renown.
 Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her forces flow;
 'Tis easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow."

Here are more of the Indian: —

"Oh! women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay,
 For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray.
 Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled,
 From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world;
 From where amid his clustered isles Lake Huron's waters gleam;
 From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream;
 From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the southern air;
 From broad Ohio's luscious vines; from Jersey's orchards fair;
 From where between his fertile slopes Nebraska's rivers run;
 From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon; —
 And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
 And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore."

We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to the New York Committee on a "National Anthem," that they have rejected all that were not fit, though there were none left, and twelve hundred were rejected. The "National Anthem" will write itself when the time comes; and very likely we shall soon know where it came from, or who was its author. Meanwhile, in Mr. Cutler's verses we have at least one national poem of Liberty and Law. For which, as for so many other blessings called out in this great calamity, we may exult gratefully!

"Hurrah! the drums are beating: the fife is calling shrill;
 Ten thousand starry banners flame on town and bay and hill;
 The thunders of the rising war drown labor's peaceful hum; —
 Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come! —
 The morning of the battle-call, to every soldier dear.
 O joy! the cry is "Forward!" O joy! the foe is near!
 For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land; —
 Hurrah! the ranks of battle close, God takes his cause in hand!"

ART. V.—VINCENZO GIOBERTI.

1. *Opere inedite di VINCENZO GIOBERTI, pubblicate per Cura di GIUSEPPE MASSARI.* Torino: Tipografia Eredi Botta. 1856-60. 6 vols. 8vo.
2. *Ricordi Biografici e Carteggio di VINCENZO GIOBERTI, raccolti per Cura di GIUSEPPE MASSARI.* Torino: Tipografia Eredi Botta. 1860-61. 2 vols. 8vo.

To no man is Modern Italy more indebted than to Vincenzo Gioberti. An able writer, a disinterested patriot, an exemplary priest, his influence for good on almost every class of his fellow-countrymen has been immense. Nine years have already elapsed since he died. During this time the most exciting events and the greatest political changes have taken place. Distinguished and patriotic men have risen up, attracted attention, and acquired more celebrity abroad than he ever did. And yet his name stands first in the hearts of all that have known him. He is acknowledged as the prophet and the apostle of the Italian regeneration. When living, his political and religious opinions excited a great deal of opposition, and made him powerful enemies. At his grave all differences were forgotten, — the philosopher, the statesman, the Christian, was unanimously recognized and revered.

Gioberti's life is mostly the history of Italy during the first half of this century. From the beginning to the year 1838 he gathered up his strength by continual meditation and faithful, laborious study; from that time to the beginning of the year 1848, he stirred up and prepared his fellow-citizens for a new life, by numerous eloquent publications. In 1848 he found himself at the head of that wonderful political movement by which Italy was taught how to recover her independence and where to look for the reconstruction of a permanent nationality. He seems to have been one of those men to whom the office is providentially committed of arousing nations to the consciousness of their own existence, and pointing out to them those principles on whose complete realization their destiny depends. Now, since a longer experience has educated the Italians for the struggle, the wisdom of his doctrine, both political and religious, is evident to all.

Gioberti's life was not a long nor an easy one. He was born on the 5th of April, 1801. As his family was far from being rich, and his health was exceedingly precarious, he began very early to perceive the difficulties that were accumulating on his path. The following words, found on a memorandum dated May 31, 1819, "How well I can say with David, *Pauper sum ego et in laboribus a juventute mea*," record the whole of his private life. In Turin, in Brussels, in Paris, it never varied; it was always the same. The prime-minister of 1849, the voluntary exile of the three following years, could repeat with truth what the youth had written in 1819. His poverty, however, and feeble health, did not prevent his education. Few young men have ever accomplished so much, amidst so many obstacles and so great disadvantages. Supported by his natural energy, and by the love of his mother, he devoted himself with such ardor to the usual studies, that in the fall of 1815 he had already finished the regular course, and one year after, the degree of M. A. was conferred upon him by the University of Turin. At this period of his life a dangerous disease brought him to the brink of the grave. As soon as he recovered, his mind was turned to theology; and he became so proficient in that most difficult and complicated of sciences, that in January of 1823 he was publicly proclaimed Doctor of Divinity.

From a journal which he kept for several months, it appears that the young theologian did not confine his studies to sacred and ecclesiastical matters. All departments of literature, ancient and modern languages, history and philosophy, natural sciences, — anything, in short, worthy the attention of the scholar, — came in turn to divert his mind from its austere task, and enrich his intellect with such treasures of knowledge as to render him second to none of his contemporaries. It is at once astonishing and interesting to follow the growth of his thoughts through the many works that he conceived, the sketches of which he wrote whilst yet a student. They are published in the collection of his posthumous works, and form most of the two large volumes containing his miscellaneous writings. As early as 1817 he conceived the plan of a philosophical treatise on Religion, which he intended to divide into

three parts, namely, on Man, on God, on Natural Religion. Each part was to be subdivided into books, and each book into chapters, the subjects of which he had already arranged in the proper order. "It is not without experiencing a sense of sacred reverence," says Giuseppe Massari, "that we peruse the manuscripts containing the thoughts which crowded the mind of that youth, who was destined to be, a few years after, the legislator of the Italian idea, and one of the greatest philosophers and theologians that ever existed. A boy who at the age of sixteen delighted in such difficult and elevated topics, could not fail in maturer years to reach the height attained by Vincenzo Gioberti. Nor is it to be supposed that the natural boldness of youth made him think he had struck at the mark, and enunciated incontestable maxims. How cautiously he advanced in his inquiries after truth, we can easily infer from the variety of notes on the same argument, as well as from the multiplicity of references to different authors." The following notes from his manuscripts will, better than anything else, give the reader an insight into the mental disposition and studies of the youthful writer.

"*The Valley of Josaphat.* — A description or representation of the last judgment, in which the Almighty calls to their account many persons, whose names are not to be mentioned, but may be easily known by the concomitant circumstances. The work will be written in the style and after the manner of Lucianus, Theophrastus, Shaftesbury, and La Bruyère."

"*Socratic Dictionary.* — A work in which, by alphabetic order, sciences, letters, and great men are treated and spoken of in the way we may suppose Socrates would have done."

"*The Spirit of Christianity.* — The true spirit of the Christian religion: its tendency to reform manners and governments; its uninterrupted progress, and by what means; how it is dishonored by men whose wickedness it has ever conquered; often abused to oppress them whom it was given to set free; its utility and beauty, to be described more philosophically than it has been done by Chateaubriand."

On the list of the works designed by young Gioberti there were, A History of Nature; Gospel and Politics; An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Languages; Crimes of the Roman Pontiffs; and Discourses on Religion, in which the subject

was to be treated, "not philosophically, nor a quotation to be made either from the Bible, the Fathers of the Church, or any other writer whatever." In everything he proposed to write, even from his earliest age, the great desire and aim of his life — that is to say, the reconciliation of Christianity and civilization, and their union for the moral, political, and religious renovation of Italy — was never lost sight of,* and was evidently the principle that regulated his studies and guided his pen. Assiduousness and order, thoroughness and variety, earnestness and conscientiousness, co-operated to develop his mental faculties and make him what he was. As a proof of his constant and manifold application, we have the journal he kept before he was twenty years old. A single note from it, taken at random, is sufficient to acquaint the reader with the whole of his student life. Day after day, week after week, month after month, was entirely devoted to the acquisition of knowledge; and whenever something happened to interrupt his course, the omission was supplied with renewed diligence on the following day or week, according to the kind and duration of the interruption. Here is a leaf from the above-mentioned journal, or memorandum-book: —

"July 18. I made the usual translation of a Psalm from the Hebrew. — Read and commented on Martini's Preface to St. Luke's Gospel, as well as on the whole of the first chapter. — Read and wrote remarks on the ninth and tenth cantos of Dante's *Inferno*. — Continued the reading of Cesari's *Orazione sulla Lingua Italiana*. — Continued my German exercise on Meindeger and Borroni. — Commenced reading Lamy's *Entretiens sur les Sciences*. — Read the Discourse prefixed to the Collection of Metaphysical Classics. — Concluded Schlegel's Course of Dramatical Literature, and Condillac's Logic. — Read and commented on the Lives of Themistocles, Aristides, Pausanias, and Cimon, by Cornelius Nepos. — Read Bossuet's Funeral Oration on the Prince de Condé, and Condé's Life, published with it. — Continued the study of Tosi's treatise *De Sacramentis*. — Read the usual number of chapters from Müller's Universal History, and Goldsmith's History of Greece. — Wrote the Numbers 246, 247, and 248 of my Miscellaneous Collection."

Such was Gioberti's self-imposed daily task when yet a mere boy: is it a wonder if sometimes, after having accomplished

so much, he would go to his mother and say, "I am now so happy! I feel that this day is not lost for me"?

And lost it was not, either for himself or for others. Though his life was a most retired one, especially after his mother's death, which happened in December, 1819, his reputation as a scholar was so great, that, before he had reached the age of twenty-four years, his friends and the clergy of his native city prevailed upon him to prepare for the usual public examinations, in order to be received as a collegiate doctor and appointed a member of the State Theological Faculty. On March 19, 1825, he was ordained as priest, and in the month of August of the same year admitted to sit in that supreme ecclesiastical council. The Latin oration which he delivered on that occasion was listened to with unfeigned admiration, and obtained the most enthusiastic praises. The language and style in which it is written, although rather harsh, owing to the many unavoidable *scholastic* terms, evince a profound study of the Roman classics, and a proficiency in that branch of learning by no means common even in Italy. *De Deo et Naturali Religione*, *De Antiquo Fœdere*, and *De Christiana Religione et Theologicis Virtutibus*, are the three theses discussed in that paper, which occupies sixty pages of the first volume of the *Ricordi Biografici*. From this time Gioberti found himself surrounded by the worthiest men of Turin, and, being enabled to make a journey through Italy, he soon became acquainted with Manzoni, Leopardi, Pellico, and others. The light was now put, as it were, on the candlestick, and the eyes of all were turned towards it. The clergy were proud of him, and regarded him as the brightest ornament of their order. His friends were full of admiration for his moral as well as his intellectual eminence, and looked to him for instruction. Gioberti's method of life did not, however, change. His duties increased every day, but his devotion to study never lessened. What could not be done by day was accomplished by night, and it was only after his health had greatly suffered from the want of sleep and too close application, that he consented to take daily a longer rest and some recreation. Thus comforted by the affection of many, and enjoying a reputation without example, his life went on pleasantly for several

years, and was comparatively undisturbed by malignant opposition until 1833.

Gioberti had never looked upon the political events that were taking place in his country as an indifferent spectator, but took in them a lively interest from his earliest years, and anticipated with delight the moment when he should be able to share in the dangers of bettering its condition. The French Revolution of July, 1830, the change of dynasty that was the consequence of it, and the hopes revived all over Europe by such occurrences, produced no light impression on the mind of the patriotic priest. With Belgium and Poland, Italy arose from her slumber. In the Legations and Roman Provinces the revolution was open and complete, and only put down by armed foreign intervention. In the kingdoms of Naples and Piedmont a general agitation actually threatened the existing tyrannical institutions, and further manifestations were only prevented by the reverses of Central Italy and the disappointed hopes of non-intervention. From that moment it was more than ever manifest that the treaties of 1815, far from permanently settling the political affairs of the Peninsula, had thrown in every direction the seed of disorder and revolution. No year passed without some protestation against that unnatural act, and the lives of the best men had become the most solemn and efficacious ones. Gioberti's was not the least of this number. He commenced his work by using the influence which his genius, learning, character, position, and affability had given him on both the clergy and the laity. His ideas and his plans for the reconstitution of the Italian nation were eagerly accepted by his friends, and spread among the masses with the rapidity of the lightning. It soon became evident that he was the centre of a particular circle, the leader of a new school in politics as well as in theology and philosophy. Hence his movements were closely watched, his visitors arrested and examined, his intentions suspected, misinterpreted, and condemned. He had several times taken the side of, and openly defended, persons who were persecuted by influential men, or by powerful societies. What more was required to have him pointed out and doomed as a victim? It is the practice of all extreme parties, when they cannot subdue or conquer by arguments or

persecution, to get rid of their opponents at the first opportunity that is presented. Times were then difficult for Italy. Charles Albert had just ascended the throne of his ancestors, and his antecedents could not reassure the enemies of liberal principles and national ideas. They were afraid that, under the royal mantle of the King of Sardinia, the Prince of Carignano such as they had known him in 1821 might be lurking. To separate the king from the friends and admirers of the prince was therefore the chief aim of their efforts. Gioberti's learning and piety were considered dangerous to their cause in his capacity of chaplain to the king. With his views and aspirations, his courage and eloquence, he might have acquired such influence at court as to throw them into the abyss they were preparing for others. The chaplain's ruin was resolved upon, and nothing in their power was left undone that could accomplish this purpose. Talent and virtue united have seldom been prosperous at court, where calumny and envy too easily find their way to the ears and hearts of princes.

In the beginning of May, 1833, the following petition was received by the king: "Vincenzo Gioberti, knowing that his services as royal chaplain are no longer acceptable to your Majesty in consequence of slanderous charges brought against him, and the false representations of his principles and conduct, begs to be allowed to resign such employment." This request, which a dignified laconism rendered still more significant for those who knew its author, was immediately granted. In a letter to Charles Verga, dated May 12th of the same year, a full explanation is thus given for the course he had taken:—

"I have lately acquired a complete freedom by resigning the office held at court. It had been accepted when my mother was still living, in obedience to her wishes: it was kept after her death, because some relations on whom I depended did not consent to my giving it up. On all occasions, however, I so behaved in both words and deeds as to show that I governed myself, not by any consideration for my office, but according to the dictates of reason and conscience. I always had trusted that the freedom with which I proceeded would soon have given some cause, and presented an opportunity to retire. My expectation was not disappointed. The king showed himself of late ex-

ceedingly irritated against me on account of my free conversation, and even went so far as openly to charge me with atheism. An intimation was then given me, in his name, to the effect that I should change principles and life. I answered that, as for my principles, the enormous falsity of the accusations dispensed me from justifying them: as for my life, I had no disposition to change it since I did not believe it deserved blame or reproach. Neither my conscience nor my honor would allow my renouncing opinions which I honestly held to be true, and a behavior which I deemed legitimate and good. I added, that, being aware my services were no longer acceptable, I had presented my resignation. It is a great satisfaction for me to hear how my friends unanimously approve my course: what courtiers and other slavish men may think, I do not trouble myself about."

Gioberti's enemies had obtained a first victory, and a most important one. He was no more in their way at court, and their boldness increased in proportion as their action was less restrained. Many of his friends had already been arrested, fined, imprisoned, or exiled, merely for having in their possession a political paper. That his turn would soon come he felt sure, but by no act of his did it ever appear that he was much concerned about his own fate.

On the last day of May, at seven o'clock in the evening, the blow fell. The noble priest was walking in the public garden, in the company of some friends, when he was accosted by an unknown person, dressed as a civilian, who asked him whether he was Doctor Vincenzo Gioberti. On his answering in the affirmative, he was requested to follow the questioner to the office of the police. Gioberti was a prisoner. At the same time, other police-officers were proceeding to search his house, where no evidence against him could be found, except his books and writings. By order of the competent authority, his name was soon after erased from the Album of the University, upon which doctors are inscribed. He was no longer a member of the theological faculty, for no other crime than that of entertaining views different from those of the rulers. The report of these facts, though anticipated, occasioned feelings of deep sorrow in the hearts of his friends, but did not in the least affect the prisoner. He had learned from his youth to be contented in whatever position Providence allowed him to be thrown, and to make the best of it. When not

absorbed in his meditations, he spent great part of his time in reading, occasionally in a loud tone, to alleviate the solitude of those who were confined in cells within the reach of his voice. He wrote also on the walls a large variety of sentences and passages from the best authors of different nations, and especially from the Scriptures, — for which he always entertained a deep veneration, — admirably suited to the condition of such persons as might be destined afterwards to occupy the room. A young man to whom the chamber he first occupied was given, derived no mean comfort from the provident solicitude and industrious sympathy of his predecessor. He was not acquainted with the philosopher, but conceived such an attachment for him that he afterwards became one of his most faithful friends. “Being transported,” he says, “to the citadel, towards the end of June, 1833, it fell to my lot to be shut up in a chamber in which Gioberti had been, I do not know how long, confined. I say, *it fell to my lot*, in the best sense of the word, since no one can imagine what comfort the great man had prepared for whomsoever was to succeed him in that abode.”

His prison life was not lost to his country. The four months it lasted were employed in consoling and encouraging his companions in misfortune, in strengthening their faith in the righteousness of their cause, and in reviving their hopes by assuring them that God would crown with success the love they bore to their native country. Gioberti's reputation for learning, patriotism, and piety rose to such a height whilst he was incarcerated, that the government regretted having yielded to the requests of the anti-national party. The only thing to be done was to let the matter drop. The difficulty consisted in finding an expedient to palliate the blunder, without retracing a step so rashly taken, and known to every one. No inquiry, however scrupulous, had discovered anything that could justify imprisonment, or give a pretext for a trial. Exile was resolved upon, not as a penalty, but seemingly as a favor granted to a petition to be extorted from the prisoner.

In a letter to the dearest of his friends, Pier Dionigi Pinelli, Gioberti himself thus gave an account of the whole transaction: —

“The petition was suggested, nay, imposed upon me. For an im-

position it was to offer me the alternative of writing a petition to be exiled, or accepting the confinement of a fortress. The contents of that petition were dictated to me word by word; the few ridiculous, not to say mean and revolting, expressions with which it is strewed, I was obliged to write against my manifested repugnance; and it was only after repeated efforts and a protracted struggle I succeeded in avoiding those words that, being expressive of an idea, could not be written without infamy. With regard to the others I was compelled to yield, in order to escape as if it were from the assassin's knife. Openly and firmly I declared, first, that I would not submit to anything which might, however indirectly, convey the impression that I have changed or modified in the least my opinions; secondly, that I would not agree on a single word by which it might appear that I confess to have offended against the government, and repent or make a recantation; thirdly and lastly, that I utterly refused to say as much as a syllable concerning my mode of life and future conduct when exiled, according to the declaration I made before writing the minute of a first petition."

These conditions having been granted, the petition was forwarded to the king, and the result was that Gioberti, on the last day of September, 1833, found himself on his way to France. Before leaving home he had written to the above-mentioned friend a long letter, a few passages from which will better represent the man than the most elaborate essay.

"I have just returned from an interview with the commander, by which all hope was removed of seeing any one, except the curate, who has not yet returned from the country. He, moreover, engaged me on my honor to keep my departure secret, declaring that any violation of such an order would seriously compromise him with the government. So many are the tokens of true politeness and unfeigned kindness I received from him during my captivity, that his reiterated entreaties to obtain from me not only this but greater sacrifices were absolutely unnecessary. I beg you, therefore, to utter no word about my exile to any one before hearing about it from the voice of the public; and as for this letter, not to mention it at all, even to our most intimate friends, until sufficient time has elapsed to give the appearance of having been sent with other papers of mine from Lyons. Knowing you, I do not hesitate a moment to intrust you with a secret, on keeping which my honor, the commander's, and even the curate's, depends. I recommend to you from the depth of my heart all my young friends, the youngest ones more particularly, who are in need of kind advice and proper direction. Love them as my friends, as your own, as the dearest hope of our beloved country."

Though somewhat prejudiced against the French, Gioberti chose France as the land of his exile; and the desire of going on with his studies determined him to establish his residence in Paris, on account of the many facilities it affords for that purpose. His first care, however, his first thought as soon as he reached that city, was directed to free himself entirely from all dependence on, and obligations to, the government by which he had been so unjustly banished. On entering the ecclesiastical profession, an assignment of two hundred and forty francs a year had been made to him upon some funds administered by the state in behalf of the Church. That stipend he renounced. It was nearly the only income left him after his resignation of the royal chaplaincy and his dismissal from the theological college. But by continuing to receive it, a certain connection with the government would have been preserved, that might in the future cause some perplexity, or prove a hindrance to the execution of his plans. His reception in France, both by his most distinguished fellow-countrymen and the eminent men of that nation, was highly flattering; but not having succeeded as he expected in securing honest employment, he accepted an invitation from Brussels to teach in a private institution. Had he been willing to undergo the requisite formalities, he would have received the appointment to a professorship of philosophy, offered him by Cousin. His reluctance to do anything that might wear the appearance of solicitation, as well as the fear of compromising his freedom for future action by contracting obligations towards a foreign government, prevented him from accepting that honorable offer.

Shortly before receiving the invitation to Brussels, — in one of those moments of despondency that so often rise to sadden the exile's life, — thinking that his suffering from want in Paris would not better the condition of Italy, but rather disable him from rendering it any available service, he took the resolution of leaving Europe for South America. The opposition of his friends, and their entreaties to him to desist from his purpose, did not seem to avail on that occasion, and he would in all probability have carried out his plan, had it not been prevented by want of pecuniary means. Some time previous to his imprisonment he had deposited with a friend a few hundred francs,

which his frugal habits had enabled him to lay aside. Upon his determination to go to America, he wrote to have the money sent; but fortunately, that friend, having received information of its destined use, peremptorily refused to comply with the request. Thus compelled to remain in Europe, he left for Belgium, after a residence of a little over one year in Paris. The active correspondence kept up with his friends in Italy and elsewhere, the philosophical discussions with Terenzo Mamiani, and the long but eloquent answer to Mazzini, were written during that period, notwithstanding the perplexities of his precarious condition. They abundantly show how his mind was continually engrossed by the unhappy state of his native country, and ever meditating upon the means best adapted to its deliverance.

We shall not detain our readers with a detailed account of the exile's occupations in Brussels. To his cherished investigations in philosophy, politics, and religion, several hours of daily teaching were added, which afforded him sufficient means to provide for his moderate wants. In the main, his life until 1838 was very much the same,—a life of preparation and experience, entirely devoted to the noblest studies, afflicted by multiform suffering, cheered at times by sanguine, well-grounded hopes, and then saddened by persecution, disappointment, and uncertainty. In his familiar letters, in his unrestrained effusions to his intimate friends, he shows himself as he really is, with all his good qualities and all his faults,—with the fervent aspirations, the ungovernable impetuosity, the compassionate regard for the fallen, the active sympathy with the oppressed, the ardent love for the beautiful, the good, and the true, for his religion and his country, that have ever characterized his life. The same qualities, corrected sometimes and perfected by experience, at other times impaired or exaggerated by opposition and solitude, will be found in the author. A Catholic in religion, a Platonist in philosophy, an *Italian* in politics,* he often modified his opinions and correct-

* In Italy those were called, with reference to politics, *Italians*, who advocated the reconstruction of the peninsula into a nation, independent of any foreign power, and governed by liberal institutions. The *Municipalists* were opposed to that scheme, on the ground that its realization would affect the particular interests of the various states.

ed his views, not in their essence, but in their form, because he who sincerely aims at the discovery of truth cannot flatter himself with the foolish assurance of having found it, as if it were by enchantment, at the first start. His mind was endowed with the rare and enviable faculty of developing itself without undergoing any substantial change. He studied many years to find and establish the natural relation between faith and reason, and to reconcile Christianity, both as a science and an institution, with modern civilization. But never was he a partisan of any extreme idea or absolute form either in politics or religion; nor was he infected by that proud obstinacy which is so often mistaken for firmness, whilst in reality it is nothing but the persistence of a boundless vanity. In proportion therefore as he grew in knowledge and experience, his opinions were modified and his views improved, whilst his principles always remained the same. Certainly, if we compare him with the German philosophers, or with our liberal writers of twenty years ago, Gioberti may appear to us exceedingly cautious in his conclusions, and almost afraid of being too liberal, especially in matters pertaining to the dogmas of his Church. But when we take into consideration that he was a Catholic priest, who always lived in Catholic countries, and was by education attached to Catholic institutions, we must admit that he was by far the most learned and liberal of Catholic theologians, as well as one of the greatest writers of our times. The timid reserve of the theologian will not diminish our respect for the philosopher and statesman, when we remember that it was caused by a natural reverence and conscientious motives, and not by any interested regard for his position, or any human fear. He sacrificed everything to principle,—employment, comfort, honors, friends, and country. Had he merely abstained from alluding to religion in his writings, he would have enjoyed all these undisturbed, and attained, it may be, a wider reputation. His conscience alone imposed upon him such a sacrifice, and he cheerfully accepted it and followed her dictates.

The publication of Gioberti's writings began in 1838, four years after he had taken up his residence in Brussels. The free access to public libraries which he failed to obtain whilst

in Paris was granted him through the influence of the illustrious Quetelet, and from that moment he resumed his studies with renewed ardor. The *Teorica del Sovranaturale*, published that year, was the first fruit of his scientific labors. Then followed the *Introduzione allo Studio della Filosofia*, in 1840; the *Lettere intorno agli Errori Filosofici di Antonio Rosmini*, in 1841 and 1842, preceded by the publication of his treatise *Del Bello*, and followed, in 1843, by another, *Del Buona*; the *Primato Morale e Civile degli Italiani*, during the same year, with the *Prolegomeni* to it in 1845; and finally, in 1847, the *Gesuita Moderno*, whose *Apologia* appeared the following year. His celebrated work on the *Rinnovamento Civile d' Italia*, which was the last published during his lifetime, the *Protologia*, *La Riforma Cattolica della Chiesa*, and *La Filosofia della Rivelazione*, were all written between the years 1849 and 1852, during the author's voluntary exile after the overthrow of the Roman Republic by the French.* Besides these, we have a number of minor occasional writings on divers subjects, not only in Italian, but in French, among which the letters about the errors of Lamennais are the most remarkable. Much as we would like to give our readers an account of each work separately, we must forbear, as the space allowed for this article will not permit it. As philosophy had always been his most cherished pursuit, all Gioberti's works, not excepting those on politics and religion, are chiefly philosophical. The only object he had in view was the restoration of Italy to its former dignity and moral supremacy in the council of nations; and he understood early that, unless the minds of the Italians were educated by severe studies, and aroused to a deep sense of the duties they owed to their native country, it was utterly impossible to attain an object which seemed almost exclusively to depend on the intellectual energy and religious conviction

* The English titles of Gioberti's principal works are the following: — *Theory of the Supernatural*, 3 vols. *An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*, 3 vols. *Letters on Rosmini's Philosophical Errors*, 3 vols. *A Treatise of the Beautiful*, 1 vol. *Of the Good*, 1 vol. *The Moral and Civil Supremacy of the Italians*, 2 vols. *Prolegomena* to the preceding work, 1 vol. *The Modern Jesuit*, 5 vols. *An Apology for the Modern Jesuit*, 1 vol. *Italy's Civil Renovation*, 2 vols. *Catholic Reformation of the Church*, 1 vol. *Philosophy of Revelation*, 1 vol. *Protology*, or *First Science*, 2 vols. The last three works are hardly finished. They were found among the author's manuscripts, and published by his friend Giuseppe Massari.

of the people. To initiate the regeneration of Italy in the orders of thought, to shake off the shameful yoke that weighed on the mind, to call back the Italians to the traditions of a national philosophy, to support and strengthen philosophy with religion, to reconcile the latter with the civil and political interests of the nation, to establish, in short, the principal truths from which the proper method of action was to be deduced,—such were his views, his plans, and the aim of his mental efforts. Their minds thus prepared, the Italians would take into their own hands the reconstruction of the Peninsula. If their rulers should join them in that noble undertaking, well and good; one of the first steps towards the revolution consisted in asking their co-operation, requesting them to assume the lead. In case they should refuse the proffered charge and honor, there was no reason why the nation should not proceed without them, and even against their will. By a great struggle, all foreign rule and influences were to be abolished, before attempting anything else; and religion, through her ministers, should bless the rising of a people to vindicate their independence and liberty. In his opinion, the attempt could not fail of success, if the nation were really in earnest about it. New Italy, such as he represented her to his own imagination, was to be “refined, without effeminacy; industrious, without prejudice to letters and science; commercial, without the known cupidity of merchants; warlike, without unjust ambition; learned, inquiring, and speculative, without rashness or incredulity; religious, without superstition; law-abiding, without servility; free, without license; pure in her manners, but strong; bold in her genius, but moderate and wise; happy at home, respected abroad; politically equal to other nations, and morally superior to all; powerful on land, free on the sea; united with the rest of the world by love, commerce, colonies, useful enterprises, peaceful and benevolent expeditions.”

Gioberti was the first that dared openly to speak of the rights of the people, and to tell them it was their solemn duty to stand by those rights. To both people and princes he pointed out the causes of their degradation, rebuked them for their sluggishness and want of faith, and foretold the conse-

quences of their conduct, in case that either should refuse to fulfil the mission Providence had intrusted to them. His words to the king of Naples, called forth by the execution of several young men who had taken part in an armed demonstration against the government, are a prophetic announcement of the fate impending upon that dynasty, as well as one of the noblest and most eloquent rebukes ever administered by man to a tyrannical ruler since the days of Ambrose. The avidity with which his writings were sought for, received, and read, is not easily described or imagined. They affected too nearly the dearest interests of all to render it possible for any one to moderate his enthusiasm in regard to them. The severe penalties enacted against whomsoever should dare to sell, buy, read, or give them to be read by others, increased the number of martyrs to the Italian cause, but did not lessen that of Gioberti's readers. Three editions of his works were simultaneously issued from the press, as soon as he had them ready, in Brussels, Losanne, and Capolago; and neither the local laws, nor the decrees of the Pope, nor the bayonets of Austria, were able to prevent them from entering into Italy. No writer in that land has ever exerted a greater or a more salutary influence. By addressing those classes and orders of people whom he regarded as the natural instructors of the masses, by appealing to their honor and patriotism, he kindled a fire that has burned ever since, and produced the wonderful changes we have seen. All political demonstrations, all demands for reforms, were then made at the cry of *Viva Gioberti!* and only after Pius the Ninth had undertaken to carry on Gioberti's plans was the name of Pius added to, and often substituted for, that cry. If his future Italy and the Church of his imagination were the creation of a poetical mind, rather than the possible realization of some practical scheme, it was not so with regard to actual Italy and the Church of his country, such as he conceived and represented them in his works. He had not fashioned them to suit his particular views, but took them as they really were, with all their old and new miseries, their vices, their virtues, the good and bad things he found in them, and from these facts he argued the means which alone seemed to him efficient to revive them. Having

thus taken into account every circumstance, even the most trifling, he differed essentially from all Italian writers who had preceded him on the national question, though he agreed with them about the object to be attained. His *Primato* and *Gesuita Moderno* are by far the most popular works he wrote. Besides, their language and style being better adapted to the understanding of all classes than those of the others, their contents affect more directly the people, and correspond to the general feelings of the Italians. The author tells them what they would themselves say, had they the same capacity for saying it, and the knowledge of national things he had. The works of Durando and Cesare Balbo, published about that period, were received with but a moderate degree of enthusiasm; they were not a faithful exposition of the *hopes of Italy*, and the plan they proposed failed of obtaining the nation's approval. Gioberti alone, therefore, had the good fortune to witness in part the favorable result of his principles, when applied according to his direction.

Times were ripening: extraordinary and wonderful events succeeded each other with an incredible rapidity; what had a little while before been regarded as a dream suddenly became a reality; the ideas of a few men were soon those of the masses, and from thought to action no time intervened. A new man, not bound by any political antecedents, enjoying a high reputation for liberality and virtue, was unexpectedly elected to succeed Gregory XVI. in the pontifical chair. He was known to have read and earnestly meditated on the writings of the illustrious exile, and from his acknowledged goodness and meekness of heart better days were expected,—a liberal government not saddened by persecutions and banishments. It was anticipated that he would not delay alleviating the evils and sorrows which had for so many years afflicted the country. The first acts of his reign responded to the common hopes. Pius IX. seemed to realize Gioberti's doctrines, and change into facts the thoughts expressed in the *Primato*. The deeds of the Pontiff so well corresponded with the maxims of the philosopher, that the former appeared to have thoroughly identified himself with that conception of Papacy which the latter had represented in all his writings.

Liberty and religion, reconciled after a long and almost fatal divorcement, seemed to announce and begin a new era for both Italy and the Church. The name of the Pope and that of the philosopher, expressive of one hope, one desire, one faith, were from that moment inseparable in everybody's mouth, resounding in all popular acclamations, and echoing through the length and breadth of the land. Inveterate hatreds, secular dissensions, and fatal prejudices were dispelled by the charm of those names, and the thoughts as well as the will of the Italians unanimously concurred in the regeneration of their country. Gioberti's great attempt to unite and reconcile all opinions and interests had completely succeeded. So perfect a union of hearts and minds, aiming at the same object and obeying one impulse, the world never witnessed before. Twenty-five millions of men, after centuries of dissension, were following without confusion the lead, and gladly co-operating to execute the plan, of a brother. Events and men thus agreed in proclaiming the soundness of Gioberti's principles, and their practical character became every day better established. A new life ran through the Peninsula, which in a short time assumed an entirely new aspect. The amnesty granted by the Pontiff, the first temporary reforms, the many important changes in the administration, the granting of a moderate liberty to the press, were followed by the proclamation of constitutional government in several states, and the revolution in some of the others. The events that took place in Italy, with an incredible rapidity, were responded to by greater and almost unlooked for events in all Europe. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the man who had, in the solitude of his exile, created, as it were, that ideal, was called by the national will to lead in completing its realization. The career of the writer was interrupted, and that of the statesman commenced.

Vincenzo Gioberti, deeming it to be his duty to support by his voice and action the holy cause for which he had meditated and written so much, after fifteen years of active exile returned to his native country. Like Cicero, he could say that he had "returned to Rome, carried there by all Italy." His visit to the principal, and politically most important cities, was a continued ovation. Princes and people united to honor

him, and Papal Rome was not backward in her demonstrations. The joy at his return had, however, scarcely subsided, when the country was suddenly thrown into the greatest consternation. Whilst Gioberti was recommending union among the citizens as an indispensable condition of success, the reactionary party was actively at work sowing distrust towards the government, and division in the national army. The Pope was induced to suspect the intentions of Charles Albert, the Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples; the capacity of the leading military men was represented as utterly unequal to the contest the nation was engaged in; men of moderate opinions were pointed out, either as averse to constitutional liberty, or as Red Republicans; and the annexation to Sardinia of the provinces already delivered from the Austrian yoke was made a pretext, by the municipalists, for abandoning the national cause; by the democrats, for denouncing the existing power; and by the princes, who had entered on the way of reforms unwillingly, for retracing their steps before being compelled to go farther. As the result of all this, Pius IX., Ferdinand of Naples, and Leopold of Tuscany called home their several armies, and left to the King of Sardinia alone and his soldiers the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. The emboldened enemy, improving the moment, by a skilful, sudden movement fell back on the thinned Italian ranks, and, after a bloody contest, imposed on their commander an armistice, in consequence of which the state of affairs previous to the war was restored. Before the end of the armistice was announced, General Radetzky entered the Sardinian territory with fifty thousand troops, attacked the Italian army in the neighborhood of Novara, which resisted for a whole day, and then was overwhelmed by fatigue and numbers. Meanwhile, the King of Naples had abolished the constitution he had sworn to observe, and caused to be arrested, imprisoned, exiled, or executed the representatives of the people best known for their attachment to the national cause. The Pope and the Duke of Tuscany, after refusing their support to the constitution they had granted, fled from their capitals, and sought refuge under the protection of the King of Naples. The King of Sardinia alone re-

mained faithful to his oath, and, notwithstanding the reverses suffered and the threatening remonstrances of Austria, Northern Italy was internally free, and became the only place of refuge in the Peninsula for the persecuted citizens of other states. All hopes were concentrated there.

Shortly after his return to Italy, Gioberti had perceived how the enemies of the country were busily engaged in the overthrow of the established liberal form of government, and he apprehended the danger the more, that he knew they were aided in their work of destruction by a large number of honest and well-meaning men. He opposed the administration, and foretold to them from the beginning the fatal consequence of their policy towards the other Italian states, and of the manner in which the war was carried on. It is difficult to say whether, by following his advice, the terrible disasters of that year might have been avoided or not. Certain it is, that his predictions were fearfully accomplished. He had succeeded in uniting all minds towards the same object; he failed in persuading them to embrace the same means. He has no experience, it was said; by writing books no man learns how to govern states or direct revolutions. The natural good-sense of the masses instinctively inclined them to follow Gioberti's policy in everything. Several districts elected him their representative, and various demonstrations were made in his favor against the cabinet of the king. The learned minority, however, carried the day; and it was only when deplorable events concurred to confirm the wisdom of his views that he was appointed prime-minister and charged with the formation of a new cabinet. The men he had associated with himself in the government did not share in his views of the policy to be followed with regard to the states whose princes had fled. The danger Gioberti apprehended, and to avert which he thought no sacrifice too heavy, was the occupation of those states by foreign troops. He established the principle of non-intervention from without. Assuming that Italy was a nation, though divided into several states, he maintained the right of each state to interfere and settle the difficulties of the others in order to prevent the meddling of foreign powers with the internal affairs of their common country. Hence he proposed to

act as a mediator between the people and the fugitive rulers of Central Italy. An ambassador was accordingly sent to Gaeta, and the Pope seemed very much pleased at the course taken by the Piedmontese minister ; so much so, that the mediation was accepted and its terms discussed. In a letter to the President of the Roman government, Gioberti explains his reason for such a proceeding. "Our government," he says, "would offer the Pontiff a number of troops sufficient to protect both his authority and the constitutional rights of the Parliament and of the people. This, I think, is the best way, and the most practicable, of putting an end to the difficulties. . . . Unless we do this, foreign intervention is unavoidable ; and though I should use all means in my power to prevent it, you easily perceive that Sardinia's voice could not prevail against the consent of Europe." The authority Sardinia had acquired by initiating alone, and prosecuting after the desertion of the other states, the war of independence, seemed to give her the right of directing the national affairs, inasmuch at least as they related to that undertaking. The war had to be resumed ; the great majority of the people insisted upon continuing it, and circumstances rendered it inevitable. What would be its result, if all the governments of the land were overthrown, — if the energies of the nation were to be employed in establishing and defending new ones, neither respected at home nor recognized abroad ? These and other considerations were more than sufficient in the mind of the statesman to legitimate an armed intervention between the contending parties, and compel them to cease from a domestic quarrel, that was to all appearances exitial to their common country.

Gioberti's policy was furiously opposed. The multitude could not understand its object, and insisted that no soldier should be otherwise employed than in the war against Austria. The few who were in power understood too well what the result of such bold measures would be ; but it was their own interest to prevent them, and thus render the renewal of hostilities impossible. Timid patriotism, discouragement, ambition ; and envy united in an opposition which, if it was not the only cause, certainly was the principal one, of all the evils by which Italy was for ten long years afflicted. The great

man had the mortification of seeing himself charged with partiality for the princes he had so boldly rebuked, and the institutions he had so powerfully contributed to overthrow. His best friends, those he had chosen to be his co-workers, failed to support him; so that he was forced to resign his difficult charge when the services of such men as he was were most needed. He left with the conviction of having done his duty, and retired to mourn in silence over the unfortunate conclusion of a political movement that only a few months before bade fair to show a new and glorious era for Italy. Things having turned out once more according to the prediction of Gioberti, he was requested to sit in the council of the government, no longer indeed to lead the nation to her political independence and civil emancipation, but to stop if possible her running backward into her former servitude, and thus completing her own ruin. As he did not feel at liberty to refuse, the king appointed him member of the cabinet *without a portfolio*, and sent him ambassador to France. Whilst he was endeavoring to obtain the good offices of that government in behalf of Piedmont, and to prevent all armed intervention in Central Italy, his colleagues at home were raising obstacles to his success, and, either through ignorance or malice, by hastening the negotiations with the enemy they frustrated the object of his mission. He retired, therefore, from public life, and remained in Paris, a voluntary exile, resuming the cherished studies he had only laid aside to serve his country. In his work, *Del Rinascimento Civile d' Italia*, published soon after, he says: "No blunder was committed, no disaster has taken place, in which I shared. I always did with my words, and to the extent of my ability with my action, everything to obviate them, predicting the evil before it happened, and pointing out its causes. . . . So that I have no reason to this day for repenting of any counsel given, or any political act committed, during my short public life." There seems to be no reason for questioning either the honesty of his conviction or the truthfulness of his assertion. His bitterest opponents, whilst denying his capacity as a statesman, were unanimous in recognizing the purity of his motives and the sincerity of his intentions. They regarded him as a fanatic, a man of

one idea, obstinate and proud, but frank and honest, loving his country to distraction, uncompromising with its enemies, and doing mischief by his impetuosity.

The injustice of his fellow-citizens did not turn Gioberti from his resolution to do all he could to benefit their cause. His pen and his great mind, unimpaired by the opposition he had suffered, and confirmed in the old principles by new experience, were still left to him. He still used them both. A thorough investigation into the events of the past few years revealed to him the fatal causes that had produced them. With his usual freedom and eloquence he exposed those causes. His friends were not spared any more than his foes; and means best suited to the times, in order to recommence the struggle, were suggested. Words of encouragement and hope were addressed to all classes, and the ultimate triumph of the national cause was established as a certain fact. He entitled his work "*The Civil Renovation of Italy*," and with it his last appeal was sent to the people in behalf of their independence. After its publication he returned to his philosophical and theological meditations, with the hope of finding in them some comfort to assuage the immense grief that filled his heart. As if he had a presentiment of his approaching end, he hastened to finish the *Protologia*, writing to a friend that, unless he did so, *time and strength would fail him* before the work was completed. He was not mistaken. At the end of October of the year 1852, he suddenly died in his study, whilst engaged in reading the seventeenth Psalm, as was inferred from the fact of his being found with a copy of the Scriptures open at that place. Probably his continued mental application, joined to an almost entirely sedentary life, undermined his naturally feeble health, and brought him to the grave.

There is no doubt that he died a Catholic. Though the manner in which he explained the fundamental doctrines of his Church widely differs from that of most Catholic theologians, no passage is to be found in his works where they are not at least admitted in principle. In his "*Catholic Reformation of the Church*" he advocates the immutability of the dogma, which, however, he would have divested of all human additions, and restored to its primitive simplicity. The personal infalli-

bility of the Pope he rejected, his authority on the minds and consciences of men he did not acknowledge, and constantly refused to submit his opinions for examination by any ecclesiastical tribunal. "Rome should instruct us by refuting heretical books, and not by forbidding us to read them," he wrote. The sole and essential condition of a Christian character he maintained to be a pure and useful life, strengthened and embellished by faith as revealed in Jesus. Therefore he denied the Church the assumed right of excluding any one from her communion on account of supposed or real errors, limiting such right to cases of great and public scandal, resulting from a wilful and persistent disobedience to Divine law. Her mission he taught to be at once conservative and progressive: conservative of the dogma, and of the purity of moral principles; progressive in the development and application of both, by adapting them to the exigencies of human progress. The power conferred on the Church he contended to be merely given for the purpose of carrying on by moral means the plan of her Divine Founder; that is to say, the restoration by faith and love of mankind to its former dignity. If the Church swerve from the right path, and become corrupted or tyrannical, it is the duty of him who has received the ability for that task to lead the way in bringing her back. The same duty devolves on capable men, whenever she abandons her progressive mission, and hinders by inopportune action the advancement of civilization. On such occasions every Christian should co-operate in the reformation of the Church, no matter whether the clergy approve of it or not. It belongs to the clergy, and especially to the episcopate, to superintend and morally govern the masses; hence it is necessary for them to be first in every good thing, virtue, learning, and piety. Heresy and moral corruption, persecution and defamation, should never induce a Christian, either clergyman or layman, to separate himself from the Church, since it is only when within her pale that our efforts for reformation can be effectual. Protestantism, as a principle, is an element of vitality in the Church, and necessary to her progress; but as a separate organization, and out of the Church, it is dead, and becomes an encumbrance to the fulfilment of her mission.

Progress being established by Gioberti as the natural law of mankind, everything that relates to man should, in his opinion, be governed by that law. Death itself respects it; why should not we? The present life is the beginning of a purer and more progressive life beyond the grave, in which all things were intended to bring us forward in holiness and perfection, the enjoyments of heaven and the torments of hell alike. The doctrine of hell's stagnant condition and useless tortures is the most anti-dialectic and pernicious invention of man's corrupted imagination.

These are some of Gioberti's views concerning religion and the Church. His two works on the Catholic Reformation and the Philosophy of Revelation are truly remarkable, much more so than the "Essays and Reviews," or "The Progress of Religious Thought in the Church of France." Admitting all the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church, the author reasons upon them, and explains their manner of being, by a strict application of the same principle upon which his philosophical system stands, — *Ens creat existentias*. Mysteries and miracles, grace and sin, redemption, angels and demons, paradise and hell, are represented as necessary parts of a whole, within whose circle the most divergent existences unite as in a common focus. It looks very much like an attempt — and not an unsuccessful one — to reconcile all religious opinions and systems with each other, and bring them to acknowledge the one Catholic Church. And really, if such a church exists, we do not see how all the good, of whatever religion or tongue, can refuse to recognize it, and bow at the feet of Jesus. So much is said about a Broad Church and the Church of the Future, that the aspirations of many are longing to see it established on earth. We direct them to the above works; they may judge whether the kingdom of heaven they are looking for is already in their midst. Gioberti certainly believed it was. Hence all his efforts to make it known, and gather all men within its boundaries. He claimed it as a right and a fact that he belonged to the Catholic Church, not in the sense in which the word is understood by Protestants, but in its true, original meaning. Neither his understanding of the dogma, different from that generally ad-

mitted, nor his opposition to the ecclesiastical authority by which his views were condemned, did he consider sufficient to annul the fact of his being a Catholic. He was not wrong in supposing that his voice would not have been listened to, that his influence on his fellow-countrymen would have greatly diminished, had he not stood his ground, and asserted such a right. A simple priest, who in his quality of priest, though persecuted or excommunicated, speaks to Catholics, if only his conduct be above reproach, will do more good among them than a host of Protestant missionaries, with loads of Bibles and tracts, were they ever so learned and virtuous. The faith of the Catholic in the Church is independent of the priesthood; he fully understands the difference between them, though often unable to define the nature of either. A society of Catholics will adhere and remain faithful to the Church, even when no minister of religion has for centuries visited them, as has been the case in China. Gioberti shared in that faith, and wrote accordingly.

In his investigations, he abandoned the analytic method as insufficient, and always proceeded by synthesis. Such innovation in theology was not generally approved, partly as being dangerous to preconceived opinions and settled prejudices, and partly as not being understood by those who were commissioned to teach theology. Gioberti's language and style are pure and eloquent; and, notwithstanding the excessive use he made of strange words, chiefly derived from the Greek, he is considered as one of the most elegant Italian writers. Seldom does he strictly adhere to his subject; but he makes digressions so numerous, that, though always exceedingly beautiful and entertaining, they are none the less a hinderance to the clear understanding of the main arguments. Of his finished works, the *Teorica del Sovranaturale*, the *Primato*, and the *Rinnovamento* are in our opinion those which do him most honor, and the *Gesuita Moderno* and its *Apologia* those which do him the least. Had they not been written, the philosopher's reputation would have been purer. Evidently dictated in a hurry, and with a mind excited by contradiction, like all literary attempts to justify a first blunder, they show how a great man can sometimes forget himself, when he en-

deavors to defend his own opinion rather than truth. We do not intend to say that truth in them is intentionally misrepresented, — far from that. But we think that facts are made to serve a particular cause; and, being considered independently from certain other facts, consequences are drawn from them which are not entirely in accordance with truth. They evidence, besides, a disposition to interpret everything for the worse, and judge of motives, which disposition we cannot reconcile with Christian principles. Their success was complete; but we rather fear it was owing more to the prejudices and passions of the vulgar they flatter and arouse, than to the intrinsic merit they otherwise possess. We sincerely wish we could tear that page from Gioberti's history. Though we knew him only for a short time, yet, like everybody who enjoyed that privilege, we loved, admired, and almost worshipped the man. His unaffected modesty, his affable nature, his frank and pleasant address, had an irresistible power that rendered it impossible not to become attached to him. His external appearance, far from diminishing, increased the affection one felt for him. He was tall, his complexion fair, and his manners refined. The forehead was high, the eyes soft and penetrating, the lips thin, and animated by that kind of benignant irony which is a scourge to vice without being an offence to the vicious. Habitually gay, cheerful, and cordial, the tranquillity of his mind was reflected by the unalterable calm of his countenance. Young men loved him with truly filial affection; their admiration for his wisdom and their confidence in his integrity were boundless. They had no secret with him, and there was nothing he could not obtain from them. One of the charges brought against him before his imprisonment was, that he had it in his power to revolutionize all the youth of Turin. The charge was true; only his enemies should have added, that he was incapable of using it for unholy purposes.

ART. VI. — STORIES OF PEASANT LIFE.

1. *Ulric, le Valet de Ferme, ou comment Ulric arrive à la Fortune.* Par JÉRÉMIAS GOTTHELF. Traduction libre de l'Allemand. Neuchâtel: Chez J. P. Michaud. 1854.
2. *Ulric, le Fermier. Seconde Partie d'Ulric le Valet de Ferme.* Par JÉRÉMIAS GOTTHELF. Traduction libre de l'Allemand. Neuchâtel: Chez J. P. Michaud.
3. *Hans Jacobus und Heiri, oder die beiden Seidenweber.* Von JÉRÉMIAS GOTTHELF. Berlin: Verlag von Julius Springer. 1851.

THERE are no books of foreign literature so interesting to us as American readers as those which introduce us to peasant life, or, more strictly speaking, to the life of the laboring class. With us this class has not yet assumed fixed limits, nor put on the picturesque character that brings it happily within the reach of art. Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Holmes, and other American writers, have succeeded in picturing our village life, and in representing its characteristics as they differ from village life elsewhere; but our landscape, at least in New England, is so far too prosperous to present striking picturesque features in its human details for the artist. Around our villages, it is the Irish log-cabin, with its heap of dirt and its air of unthrift, that gives the element of the picturesque. In our streets, it is the foreign population that forms the artistic groups at the street corners. Careless of outward appearance, it is that which has the grace of carelessness and unconsciousness. There is a pretty group of children round a wheelbarrow-load of the pink laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), just brought fresh from our June woods. The children and tired-looking women gather round it with exclamations of delight, and the artist admires the coloring of the dirty, brown, rosy-cheeked children, of the gray, anxious-looking mothers, in shabby gay shawls, vying with the soft tints of the glowing laurel; — but it is all Irish color. The New-Englander, man, woman, or child, though he be stirred in the very depths of the heart at the sight of the gay flowers, — whether dear to him or new to him, — does not display the feeling, but passes by without any expression of pleasure. For this reason, such books as those whose titles we have quoted above come to

us with a foreign grace, as does the carved work, the wooden cottages, the gay-colored lithographs which our travellers bring from their wanderings in Switzerland.

The writings of Blitzius, under the name of Jeremias Gott-helf, have been translated into French, and have become well known as representing pictures of humble Swiss life. They are quiet delineations of human nature, and if their costume differs from our less picturesque home dress, we find a trace of ourselves in the characters represented. They would disappoint the reader searching for startling romance, the story is so little varied in character or incident; but the interest is wonderfully kept up by the simplicity of the style, enlivened by much quaint humor. The first of the stories begins with that of a farmer's boy, who, through the care and thoughtfulness of his master, and afterwards under that of his wife, passes to a higher position. It is to the picture of Ulric's wife, Freneli, that Ruskin gives high praise. He says of these books:—

“Many valuable conclusions respecting the degree of nobleness and refinement which may be attained in servile or in rural life may be arrived at by a careful study of the noble writings of Blitzius (Jeremias Gotthelf), which contain a record of Swiss character not less valuable in its fine truth than that which Scott has left of the Scottish. I know no ideal characters of women, whatever their station, more majestic than that of Freneli (in *Ulric le Valet de Ferme*, and *Ulric le Fermier*), or of Elise in the *Tour de Jacob*; nor any more exquisitely tender and refined than that of Aenneli in the *Fromagerie*, and Aenelli in the *Miroir des Paysans*.”*

“Hans Jacob and Heiri” is the story of two silk-weavers near Basle, telling how they each had a sweetheart, how the one married his Anne Marie, the other his Catherine; how the one couple were industrious and saving, and the other thoughtless and extravagant. There are no wonderful incidents, but in the development of the story there are many wise sayings and many humorous ones. The faults and follies of these Swiss farmers and silk-weavers are sufficiently our own and those of our nation to make the lessons of this moralist striking to us. The evil of extravagance is the one most earnestly bemoaned, an evil that needs to be preached against

* Modern Painters, Vol. V.

in our own country; and war may prove our most effectual preacher. In "Hans Jacob and Heiri" the story of Pharaoh's dream is well told, at the length of two pages, as a lesson in economy.

"So stands it written in the first book of Moses, in the one and fortieth chapter, where everybody may read it who has a Bible and knows how. That is a wonderful chapter, by the way, — four thousand years old, and still as good as new, — for written as it was for a warning, so it stands now at this very day; and well for him who permits himself to be warned and to believe in it, for he shall be saved when the evil days come. Good and evil years alternate with each other, and the evil eat up the good; whoever in the good years takes no thought for the evil days, upon him comes hunger, and, if he be not cared for by others, by hunger he dies."

This lesson finishes with the statement: "*This was the first Savings-Bank.*"

From "The Two Silk-weavers" we quote a few passages which show the tone of the book and some of its moral points. Its author has especial power in painting quiet characteristics which would fail to show themselves to an observer of less insight.

"Still more uniformly passed the life of Hans Jacob and Anne Marie. As they began, they continued their life in an extremely frugal and laborious way, and one day was almost exactly like another. Any one, however, who had observed them more closely, would have discovered in them an intelligence, a healthy judgment, which would not have been expected from their exterior. Yes, it happened sometimes that old acquaintances, who had not met them for a long time, were surprised at them, and said they had never understood them, they had hidden themselves so much. No, they had concealed nothing; what they exhibited now, if it had come to them recently, it had come unobserved by them, like the dew of heaven. The individual life of men is formed within, folly and wisdom appear from within. Man thinks in the day, he dreams in the night. But if, day and night, a man thinks and dreams of merely foolish things, of haughty imaginations and the gratification of his senses, — if he only thinks of the failings of his neighbors, if he compares their prosperity and his adversity, — he will become full of discontent, wickedness, and folly, which will increase day by day, till it is visible to others; the man will grow every day more wicked, more careless, more discontented, more disagreeable, — in a word, worse.

"Then people clasp their hands over their heads, and say they had never suspected this or that of such a person, — how suddenly he had changed, and what had possessed him all at once, — was it a man or a devil? But it was all very natural; the man had corrupted himself. He who feeds and moistens his inner life, not with the word of God and earnest ideas, but with light, useless thoughts and impure words, perhaps with bad books, — he subsists on his inner wickedness, as a boy does upon stolen sugar-plums, nourished and cherished by them every day. What he for a long time only thought, at last he does; what he has long been known only to himself, that at last becomes open and visible to others. We speak, let it be understood, not of single actions, which have no connection with the whole being, to which a man is tempted, or perhaps led on; that is an entirely different matter.

"But if the thoughts of a man go in another direction, if they feed themselves upon a better, stronger nourishment, the inward life of the man grows larger and fairer. There is, therefore, nothing more simple than to think a man must ever remain the same, or blame a man for changing. The man must and will change, and certainly for the better, or he can never see the kingdom of God. The dross must be separated from his soul, his feelings must clear up, dark places must be made bright, his views of the value of things must be rectified, his will must be strengthened; and this very change is his glory before God, and his example for others." — pp. 23, 24.

"It is curious, but it is ever so, that there are things often hidden from the wise which are revealed to babes. Men write cart-loads about school-keeping, about education, and commonly forget in their higher wisdom the main thing in education, — simple, unadulterated love. It is with children as with plants. To cultivate plants is a great art, and cart-loads have also been written upon the cultivation of trees and of flowers, agriculture, culture of meadows, grape culture; but for all kinds of culture one thing is necessary, and if that one fails all the rest is nothing, — there is no growth, nor sap, nor strength in the meagre stalks that rise up to a feeble life; and this one and principal thing is simply the sun. Labor, strive, sweat, watch, work, without the sun all is nothing; its warmth and its light gives the blessing to creating man. Now, certainly, if one were to undertake to write about this, he would not write, Take so many pounds of sun, so many buckets of rain. Sunlight and rain are not in men's hands and power; our Lord God mingles them himself above us, and, God be thanked, not like an apothecary, in infinitesimal measures and weights, but accurately, like the good God, whose hand is open at the right hour to satisfy every living thing. At the most they write, Honeysuckles grow best in the

sun, Fir-trees grow faster in the shade. One would think the pedagogues had done the same with love, and had written nothing about it, because they thought it was self-evident. But that is not our opinion. We rather believe that they have written nothing about it because some of them, in their higher wisdom, have thought nothing about it; and others, in their great wisdom, have known nothing about it; and still a third class, on account of their great wisdom, hate it, and, holding it not only superfluous, but even hurtful, in education, would ignore it altogether." — pp. 75, 76.

"The where to economize, — this is a notable subject, especially in our day. It is an important subject in many households, and even at households where emperors sit at table, at no meagre fare, and households where they do not willingly fare poorly, but yet do not know what should be put upon the table. High and low in the community have managed equally ill. In the good years they have not thought of the bad. Economizing in itself, though apparently the main question, does not occasion the most talk. This is a subject in which the best-informed people, who generally do not have much unanimity, are of one mind. But the where, — that is the little word which kindles so many fires and binds so many pairs together, — where to break off? That it is which suddenly brings out in the community all personalities, with their views, desires, inclinations, objects, expectations. Every one may lay on others insupportable burdens, but will not move a finger to lighten them. On the everlasting wars between ministers of finance and all other ministers, between ministers of finance and their majesties, meaning prince and people, we will not now enter. We have here, God be praised, nothing to do with the *Krausi Maus* of a household of state, but with Heiri's household, in which the speculation upon the Where was actively carried on.

"Where to retrench? With the man, the woman, or both? Take notice, that, as things generally go, the more power one has, so much the less on him falls the economizing. The holders of the power take things comfortably. It comes either on the people or the children. If the husband is nothing, it comes on the husband; if the wife is nothing, it comes on the wife. As in all things, so in economy; where there is power, there is not always reason. In any case, it works worse where all the power is in the hands of the ignorant, be they children or the people. There is a struggle then, but, God be praised, it is not long."

"Ulric" in its two volumes, as its scenes are those of rural life, contains many pleasing pictures, some of which remind us of our New England farm life. Its hospitalities and the

character of its people contain many similarities, of which we present some sketches.

“Meanwhile, the peasant was seated, smoking, on a little bench in front of the stable, which he considered a good place for opening his conversation with Ulric. While he was busy lighting his pipe, he saw a wagon, drawn by a fine and well-harnessed horse, turn off from the road and come towards him. Directly he recognized his sister and her family, and hastened to receive her cordially, helping her to alight, and joyously jumping the children to the ground in his arms; then he hurried them all into the house except his brother-in-law, who could not bring himself to trust his horse in strange hands without going himself to look after him. He must make sure where Ulric put the horse, and how he cared for him; moreover, he was fain to witness Ulric’s admiration of him. Poor Ulric had blessed the arrival from the bottom of his heart, for he had perceived but too well the intentions of his master, and he felt relieved from an immense weight by the timely postponement of an explanation; so it gave him no difficulty to satisfy entirely, by his praises of the horse, the vanity of his master. Meantime the peasant had directed his daughter to prepare some coffee, while he himself came to her aid by going down cellar to fetch cream, cheese, and a great loaf of bread. The little daughter did her best; not for worlds would she have lost this occasion of proving her capabilities to her mother and aunt; and her aunt did not fail to praise her coffee and all her arrangements, adding, that her Elizabeth, the whole of six months older, would not have got through with it so well. Afterwards the peasant asked his sister to superintend the dinner, but she refused, saying, ‘No, Jean, I should not manage in your fashion, — I cannot use other people’s stoves. Besides, I do not like to have my things interfered with, and I will not touch your wife’s.’ The brother laughed heartily; but Trini was not far wrong, for housekeepers never like interference in their *ménage*; and her sister-in-law, although expressing the contrary with more politeness than sincerity, approved of her discretion.

“She soon arrived herself in a heat. She had seen from a distance the wagon before the house, and was alarmed to think what she had to do to prepare a sufficiently distinguished dinner for her guests. ‘If I had but just thought,’ she said to herself, as she quickened her steps, ‘to put some more meat into the *pot au feu*, for now it is too late. But it would never cross the mind of my husband, and Anne Babeli is so young!’ Accordingly she was agreeably surprised, on entering her kitchen, to find a great piece of mutton on the fire. In fact, Jean, spite

of his *sang-froid*, was one of those men who never permit themselves to be taken by surprise; the little daughter's sagacity had ably seconded him. The repast passed off admirably, what with eating leisurely, talking, and waiting for the servants who had not yet got back with their bag of salt. When it was over, every one amused himself according to his own taste for the rest of the day. The children occupied themselves bargaining for rabbits; little Jean had already sold a beautiful gray one to his cousin, for three *batz*, and the cousin had promptly taken out his purse to pay for it, when the two mothers broke into the midst of the bargaining. Eisi, the mistress of the house, absolutely refused to allow her son to receive money for the rabbit, while her sister-in-law took the little one's part, not approving the idea of her little boy's accepting the animal as a gift. Poor Jean was discomfited at this warfare of generosity, for he had been trafficking in the best faith possible; and, never having seen his papa give away his cows and horses, he could not understand why he should be obliged to make a free gift of his rabbit. In the end Eisi triumphed, but only on the condition that she should very soon return this visit with all her family, when a long-haired rabbit should be given to little Jean, who, on hearing this cheering prospect, recovered his serenity.

"The two mammas were passing through the garden to the field when they came upon the children and their affairs, which being settled, they continued their walk. It was not so pleasant as usual to the hostess, because this year the insects had attacked the flax, and the hemp would be uncertain, which troubled her extremely. Trini inwardly congratulated herself that her sister's flax was more injured than her own, and reflected that when she lived at home the harvests were better; but she took good care to conceal such ideas, and on the contrary laid herself out in praises of all she saw. But some wonderfully fine turnips really excited her envy, and she would give anything to have some like them. Eisi promised her some seed for nothing, whereat she spoke of some new beans which she longed to share with her as soon as possible. The pods, she said, were six inches long, as large as your thumb, and the beans melted in the mouth. Eisi was very ready with her thanks, suspecting nevertheless a strong dose of exaggeration in the story, for she could not believe how her sister could have such beans without her ever hearing of it.

"All this time the husbands were in the stables, the most attractive place they could choose. The horses had been brought out and thoroughly examined, and their possessor had spared no words in reciting their qualities, while his brother-in-law, in the midst of cordial praise, did not fail to let fall here and there certain critical observations, to show

that he too knew what he was talking about. From horses they passed to cows.

"When the evening was approaching, Trini came to warn her husband it was time to think of going. But Eisi insisted that it was not yet late, and that she could not think of letting them go till they had taken something else; for in fact she had prepared for them a nice supper, to which it would have been a shame not to do honor. Round the best coffee-pot were arranged an enormous piece of butter, a ham, fine white bread, honey, nice cheese, and some little goat's-cheeses. At the sight of such abundance Trini exclaimed, and almost raised her hands to heaven. She could not understand what Eisi was thinking of to get up such a feast when they had but just dined, and as for her, if she was to do as much when Jean and his family came to her, she should be puzzled how to set about it. But Eisi retorted, that it was at her sister-in-law's house itself that she had learned how to receive guests properly, and that once under her roof it was impossible to leave the table. After such discourse, they all sat down, and did ample justice to all; and it was not till after wine had followed coffee that the signal was given for getting into the wagon, — an operation not to be performed in the twinkling of an eye." — pp. 14–18.

The invasion of foreign manners into Switzerland, with the extravagance and breaking up of traditional habits and customs which it brings in, is made a subject of regret. The son and daughter of the old farmer of Steinbrücke have fallen victims to the love of French tastes, and a visit of Elisi, the farmer's daughter, to the baths of Gurnigel gives the last touch to her love of coquetry and show in dress.

"The mother of Elisi had promised to take her to Gurnigel for a week or two, — she must see the dressmaker, the milliner, the shoemaker, — she had so many things to think of, she did not see how she could find a moment to think about weddings. Poor Ulric vainly tried to make her listen to reason, — she did nothing but think of Gurnigel and eat figs, — the most she would say was, that on her return she would begin to talk about it, and that then things could be settled. She spent whole days in packing and unpacking, continually occupied in thinking of the sensation she should create at the baths, of the gentlemen she should see there, and of what she should wear there. On these subjects she attacked everybody who would listen, asking how many times she must dress a day at Gurnigel, whether she could get things washed, if she had better buy her perfumes at Berthoud or

Berne, or perhaps have them sent from Neuchâtel, — with more such trivialities.

“When her good mother set out to make her own preparations for the expedition, all the trunks and bandboxes in the house were taken, and there were none left for her. At first she tried to restrain Elisi’s notions of her wardrobe a little, — for she certainly would not need six mantles and so on; but on hearing such remarks, the amiable girl burst into tears, and, instead of yielding to her mother, began to think of still more indispensable things. Joggeli rejoiced, in his usual mischievous fashion, over this nonsense, and the torment it caused his poor wife. Thus, instead of coming to her aid at all, he suggested sending to Berne for a travelling wardrobe, warranted to hold a whole toilette in its drawers and shelves. The idea just suited Elisi, who wished to send to Berne directly and put it in execution, but her mother refused to hear of it, and for once she wept and fretted in vain. The good woman did not choose to make herself ridiculous wherever she went. What would they say at Gurnigel if they appeared with such a great trunk as that? It was enough, she said, to take care of such a madcap as Elisi, without the addition of a trunk as big as a house. Her husband, she complained, was always making matters as bad as possible, for, instead of giving Elisi any good advice, or stopping her short in her folly, he amused himself with making fun of her. Joggeli retorted to such reproaches, that it was the mother’s business to bring up her daughter, and that, as long as she had succeeded in spoiling the child, he had nothing to do with it but to put up with her as best he could. ‘But,’ she replied, ‘who is it that has always surrounded her with profusion? Who sent her to French Switzerland, where she grew to be so ridiculous? Not I, surely. To be sure, you are not the only one to blame, but, for all that, you always speak when you ought to be silent, and hold your tongue when you ought to speak.’ While the father and mother were reproaching each other, it was no better with the young folks, for the trip to Gurnigel did not entirely suit Ulric, although he was obliged to lend his aid to the preparations. If he ventured to say a single word on the uselessness of such or such a thing, a terrible storm directly burst on his head. Elisi saw plainly, she would say, what she had to expect from a man like him; he was already beginning to thwart her wishes. There was nothing to be done to soothe her but for him to make a large chest for her to fill up, and to send it secretly beforehand to Gurnigel. Elisi then agreed to consult her mother on the way about their marriage, and to tease her until she should gain her consent, assuring him that without fail the banns should be published on Saint Martin’s day.

"The journey to Gurnigel was not wholly satisfactory to Elisi. At Berne she made her toilette, — of sky-blue, — but by the time she reached Riggisberg it had occurred to her to dress wholly in black, as being more *distingué*, and because great ladies are apt to wear black silk. But the driver positively refused to unload the carriage for such a change. He had not imagined that anybody could want their baggage at Riggisberg, though he had often carried grander passengers than his present ones. So Elisi was obliged to abandon this foolish notion, but she persisted in scolding and crying about it until the carriage stopped and the driver begged the ladies to get out and walk up a steep hill before them. Elisi did not choose to do any such thing, and tried to induce her mother to follow her example; but her mother was a true peasant, too reasonable to resist what was absolutely necessary. She told Elisi that she never in all her life thought of riding up such a hill as that, and it was n't the horses' fault if the coach was the 'lumbering concern' she called it. With these words she alighted, and bribing the conductor with a small piece of money to let her daughter have her way, she set herself bravely to the ascent, stopping often to recover breath.

"We cannot say that the sky-blue dress had a great success at Gurnigel, but at least it attracted a great deal of attention. As soon as the ladies upon the piazza perceived Elisi, they began to make fun of so singular a travelling costume; several men even drew near enough to watch the new arrivals with such quantities of baggage. These gentlemen, curling their moustaches with great magnificence, or leaning upon their canes, did not hesitate to make comments in German, French, and Dutch, mingled with bursts of noisy laughter.

"However, as things settled down, Elisi made acquaintances and received considerable attention. Her happiness would have been complete but for two things, which went to prove the truth of the proverb, 'No rose without its thorns.' It was very annoying to her to sit at the *bourgeoise* table, and if there had been a dressmaker at Gurnigel she would have had herself dressed like a lady, and have abandoned her mother without hesitation, in order to take her place at the table where the peasant's costume was tabooed. Then, again, it seemed to her very hard to have to get up so early to go and take the waters; so for the first few days she stayed in bed; but as the gentlemen told her nothing was so lovely as the early morning at Schwartzbrunnli, she yielded, and made the effort to get up with the rest of the world. Almost all the young people made her acquaintance on the first day, and danced with her; and it must be admitted that she danced extremely

well; she never lacked partners, and people amused themselves by making her talk, that they might laugh at her language and accent. Her partners, taking her at first for a sentimental novel-reader, talked to her about Kotzebue, Kramer, La Fontaine, and La Motte-Fouqué, but they soon found they lost their pains. Elisi never read at all, and it is to be doubted if she could quote a single line correctly. She thought of her dress, her looks, what she ate, or her marriage, and she had no other ideas. She did not aspire to learned conversation, taking no pains whatever to hide her ignorance. At first it seemed hard to find a suitable subject for conversation with her; but it soon appeared always that flattery was the vulnerable point of poor Elisi, after which she received compliments so incredible that her mother, who was no fool, sometimes said to her, 'How can you listen to such stuff. These people take you for a fool. If any one had dared to say such things to me when I was young, he would have seen stars at midday directly, I assure you.'

"But things took another aspect when it came out that this was an heiress of at least fifty thousand florins; Elisi was looked on with different eyes, and received a certain sort of respect. Fifty thousand florins, indeed! that's no trifle! Behind her back, the heiress received from the men the same ridicule as before, and every evening there were new tales of her extravagance and absurdity. She had told one how many chemises and petticoats she had, another where she bought her perfumery; a third had the history of a certain illness of hers at his tongue's end; a fourth maintained she did not know what country she lived in. But face to face with her, these gentlemen remembered the fifty thousand florins. They curled their moustaches, and reflected that it was time to be thinking of matrimony, and accordingly set on foot their plans of battle to win the fifty thousand. Accordingly these aspirants no longer sought to make Elisi absurd, but rather to attract her attention and play the agreeable to her. They spoke to her of the pleasure they had received in making her acquaintance, and the delight it had given them to cultivate it. They asked her where they might have the honor of meeting her again, and if they might be permitted to come and see her, with a thousand other such statements. Elisi was swimming in bliss." — pp. 240 – 247.

In contrast to the vanity and selfishness of Elisi, we quote a pretty passage representing the morning after the betrothal of Freneli.

"At the end of an hour, the silence of the house was no longer interrupted but by the black horse eating in peace at his manger. Golden

sleep had scattered her gifts over all the inhabitants of Steinbrücke, — a forgetfulness of all the pains of life, and beautiful dreams to take their place. We are mistaken. In one little chamber, a very neat one, upon a bed which was no less so, there was a young girl whose soul was too full to be able to yield itself to sleep. Those charming images that a stone under the wheel had served to dissipate, reappeared in a crowd more radiant than before; some only glanced with rapidity before her imagination, while others, lingering pleasingly in her heart, filled it with an ineffable sweetness. In her sleeplessness, she did not turn herself from one side to the other, as one who waits repose impatiently, but she allowed the hours to flow on given up to a most peaceful forgetfulness. Only when the fresh morning air spread itself in the valleys, the young girl began to be agitated with a thought, which, as it grew more and more vivid, was soon mingled with anxiety. It was the longing to say to Ulric that she would be his forever. But was not her happiness a dream? Would it not steal away with the vapors of night? Would Ulric remain in the same mood, or, irritated by her conduct, might he not have already changed his feelings? O, how she suffered from her hesitations of the evening before, — how little she had understood herself, — how she felt herself urged to repair her mistake, and to assure herself if Ulric had persisted through the night in his intentions! She could no longer keep her bed; she dressed herself, and opened the door of the house so gently that no one heard her. All was yet still without. Then she wished to go and wash herself, as usual, in the fresh water of the fountain; but a figure was already bent over its basin with the same intention. It was the desire of her heart, it was Ulric! Doubts, anxiety, all disappeared. But her natural playfulness came once more to the aid of the young girl's modesty, and helped her to veil under an appearance of pleasantry the profound sentiment that animated her. She drew near without the least noise, and all at once placed her two hands across the eyes of the vigorous young man surprised in so unexpected a way. He leaped up; then seizing those audacious hands, he recognized them with an inexpressible joy, and exclaimed, 'It is you!' Then Freneli, seeing that he understood her, let her hands slide down, and leaned her head upon the breast of him whom she accepted thus as her husband. As the waves of the fountain succeeded each other, pure and limpid, so the certainty of his happiness floated into the heart of Ulric. He pressed the young girl gently in his arms. What he said first was lost in the murmuring of the water; then the fountain heard, 'Will you be mine?' 'Yes, forever.' It heard other things besides, but it has never repeated them." — pp. 321 - 323.

If we had not already quoted largely, we should like to give

a picture of the old farmer, Joggeli, the obstinate old peasant, who stands, like a dog in the manger, in the way of his own happiness, as well as of that of his wife and children, — a common type of character, well painted, and working its share of mischief in the story, as such people do in real life.

We cannot better close our praise of such faithful pictures of the life of the laboring class than by quoting what Ruskin says of "the joy of humble life."

"In order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life, — this at present, of all arts and studies, being the one most needing study. Humble life, that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of providence or provision, but wholly of accumulation; the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure, therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world."

"How far this simple and useful pride, this delicate innocence, might be adorned, or how far destroyed, by higher intellectual education in letters or the arts, cannot be known without other experience than the charity of men has hitherto enabled us to acquire." *

ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

M. MÉRAY might, as we think, have made better use of his time and skill than in compiling a work on the vulgar and licentious preaching of the three centuries before the Reformation.† The exquisite antique style in which the volume is printed deserves material of more decency and more value. There is, nevertheless, a value to the volume, as it illustrates the spirit of the mediæval Church and shows what kind of preaching was tolerated and was popular in those so-called "Ages of

* *Modern Painters*, Part V., pp. 344 and 347.

† *Les Libres Prêcheurs Devanciers de Luther et de Rabelais. Étude Historique, Critique, et Anecdote sur les XIV^e, XV^e, et XVI^e Siècles.* Par ANTONY MÉRAY. Paris: A Claudin. 1860. 12mo. pp. 223.

Faith." It is a fair offset to Mr. Kenelm Digby's *Mores Catholici*. The book is divided into nine chapters, which severally treat of the monks as critics of Temporal Princes; as critics of the Princes of the Church; as precursors of the Reformation; as Mystics and Legend-tellers; as tellers of marvels; in their speculations about the future life; the stories and apologues of the old preachers; the Fantasists and the Rabelaisians; and the details of manners given in the old collections of sermons. This table of contents would lead us to expect a wide range of illustration, both in the topics treated and in the authors cited. But the taste of M. Méray seems to prefer topics of a prurient and lascivious kind, and the details which he furnishes are mostly those which would be quite rejected from a work for general reading. It may be urged, that the small number of copies printed, three hundred in all, restricts the volume from general reading, and confines it to a few libraries. But it might have been made fit for general reading by a wiser selection of passages. The "Free Preachers" of the Middle Age had other qualities to recommend them than their license of language. They were brave, honest, sagacious, and radically more pious than many of the Reformed preachers who were fluent in phrases of piety. The wild absurdities of their speculation were more than balanced by the sound common sense and bold severity of their criticisms of manners and life. Gabriel Barletta was not a mere ribald blackguard, nor was Michael Menot a disgusting buffoon. In the sermons of nearly all the preachers who contribute to M. Méray's collection better things by far may be found than anything that he quotes, if the testimony of those who have specially studied their works is to be trusted. His specimens show not their best, but their worst side, and by no means account for their extraordinary influence. One thing which will strike the reader in a volume of this kind is the singular resemblance of these mediæval vulgarities to the vulgarities of revival and sensation preaching in our own day. The same grotesque paraphrases of Scripture, the same liberties with the sacred history, the same mixing up of Jewish character and life with modern scenes and manners, the same shock both to delicacy and to reverence, which mark the performances of the Burchards and Knapps and Spurgeons of our own time, are conspicuous in the harangues of the Naples and Paris friars of the fifteenth century. The mountebanks of the pulpit have no originality. Their jokes are borrowed, their impudence is a second-hand article, and their indecency is but a faint copy of the bolder grossness of their Catholic predecessors. Bad as are the exhibitions of this company of friars, they are not radically worse, not absolutely lower in tone, than the religious fictions of the late Mr. Ingraham, or the discourses which have made repulsive to refined ears the word "spiritual."

In the sketch of the Church of Holland by M. Albert Réville, published in the July number of the Examiner, allusion was made to the isolated position of a Walloon pastor at Leyden, embarrassed in attempting to harmonize his science and his prejudice by obscure metaphysical theorizing. The pastor in question, M. Chantepie de la

Saussaye, vexed by this rather provoking notice, has taken occasion to define his position, and to vindicate his theorizing, by giving from his own stand-point a review of Dutch theology and the condition of parties in the Dutch Church.* In spite of the heat and vigor of his defence, he has failed, as we must think, to show that Réville has done him injustice. His book is a proof that he agrees with no one of the parties in the Dutch Church, whether of Utrecht, Amsterdam, Groningen, or Leyden. He is alone in the conflict, the unsparing critic of all parties, and apparently not quite sure of his own faith, or of the tendency of his own speculations. And he seems, after all, half conscious of this solitary position, since he argues that such a position is not without its weight and its honor.

M. de la Saussaye vehemently disclaims any desire to be called *orthodox*, and his strictures upon the spirit and methods of the orthodox party are as severe as the most zealous rationalist could desire. He has no sympathy with the Revivalists or the Pietists, and regards their movement in Holland as an exotic, of foreign importation, and not any native growth. The Lutheran Church he stigmatizes as caring more for the form than for the spirit of the Gospel, and he has still less love for the hard creeds of the Calvinist faction. He tells us that the children of Calvinists are often very expert in the dogmas and sound words of the Church confession, when they have no knowledge of the language or history of the Bible itself. He deprecates earnestly that bondage of the people to their pastors which orthodoxy establishes. For the Groningen school, that builds itself especially upon the person and work of Christ, and preaches a practical imitation of Christ's life as better than any speculative faith, M. de la Saussaye has more regard; but even this school of practical Christianity does not satisfy him, and he expresses no regret that it has probably died out.

Having disposed of these parties, — the Calvinist, the Lutheran, and the Christ party, — M. de la Saussaye proceeds to give a history of the *Moral* movement in the Church of Holland, its origin, its progress, and its result, especially as shown in the fortunes and temper of the society *Ernst en Vrede* and the journal which it published, in which he flatters himself that he was an important instrument in diffusing light among the Dutch Christians. The journal in question had a short life, and its real influence may be judged from the fact that Réville does not think it worthy of mention in his survey. However lamentable the demise of this organ of moral theology may seem in itself, M. de la Saussaye consoles himself with the thought that the breaking up of the parties of positive faith has been accompanied by the breaking up of the "liberal tendencies"; and he prophesies that the school of Leyden will share speedily the fate that has befallen the schools of Groningen and of Utrecht. Retreating from the field of debate, he sends back a whole quiver of Parthian arrows upon the rationalist host, and lavishes upon them the strong epithets of a not very choice rhetoric. He ac-

* *La Crise Religieuse en Hollande. Souvenirs et Impressions*, par D. CHANTEPIE DE LA SAUSSAYE, l'un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Wallonne de Leyde. Leyde: De Break et Smits. 1860. 8vo. pp. 202.

cuses them of deception, hypocrisy, denial of Christ, use of words in double senses, arrogance towards all who profess a positive faith, and of a want of spirituality. He says that, with all their rich intellectual resources and their popularity with the cultivated classes, they cannot get the confidence of those to whom religion is the one thing needful. He affirms that there is already a wide-spread discontent with the infidel and destructive spirit of these rationalist theories, and that the multitude complain that it is taking away their Christ and their God. While orthodoxy is ready to lose the world in its effort to save the individual soul, and to give up this life wholly for the sake of the life to come, *scientific* religion seems to lose wholly from its heed the sanctions and the needs of saving faith. The great antecedent question of theology, however, M. de la Saussaye admits, — the great question of the age, — is not if miracles be real, or if miracles be possible, but if they have really *any religious value*, — if they are *necessary*. And he seems to intimate that the decision of this question in the negative may open a way of harmony to the various parties in the theological warfare, and establish a Church of the Future, not only in Holland, but throughout Europe and the Protestant world.

M. de la Saussaye's book, though written in an incorrect style, is able, forcible, and well worth reading.

It is wise that the author of "Pentateuchism, analytically treated,"* has suppressed his name from the title-page of his first, and it is to be hoped his last effort in Scriptural criticism. He has not one qualification for the task he has attempted. He is alike unable to read Hebrew and to write English, and his scholarship is as slight as his assurance is marvellous. He is ready to reject as an interpolation whatever does not suit his notion of fitness, while he accepts without any sufficient reason anything that may justify his hypothesis. This hypothesis is, that the Book of Genesis is a mixed mass of fable, falsehood, and misrepresentation, — of facts distorted, of legends misused, and of puerile myths magnified into providential history. It is not difficult, certainly, for a very superficial reader, especially in these years, when the narrative of Genesis has come so much into discussion, to exhibit the inconsistencies, the improbabilities, and the impossibilities of that narrative as literal history, — its opposition to physical science, and the contradiction in its own parts. But it is strange that, with so many helps furnished, German, French, and English, a writer, pretending such conscientiousness in his task, should not have produced something better. The high moral stand which the writer takes will not atone for the utter want of the critical faculty. Not a single narrative, from the first chapter to the last, is fully or fairly analyzed. We have expression, in stilted and magniloquent epithets, of the writer's disgust and horror at the crimes and falsehoods of the men he is called to pass in review, and we are favored with his opinions and conjec-

* A History of the Creation and the Patriarchs; or, Pentateuchism, analytically treated. Volume I. The Book of Genesis. London: John Chapman. 1860. 12mo. pp. 292.

tures most lavishly; but we look in vain for any close reasoning or any mastery of the subject. Things are taken for granted, and stated as well-known truths, which have no place but in the writer's brain. It is assumed that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch, and that he contrived its details to suit his own ambitious designs. It is assumed that the children of Israel were the shepherd kings of Egypt. It is affirmed that the religion of Abraham and his successors was as genuine Paganism as that of the Chaldæans and Egyptians, and of the same kind. The story of Isaac on the altar is simply Abraham's stratagem for putting an end to the practice of human sacrifices. As for the characters of the Book of Genesis, they are all more or less detestable to this writer. Abraham is a liar and a knave, Isaac not much better, and Jacob is the incarnation of all that is mean, base, sensual, and devilish. For Joseph he has more charity; but Joseph has his faults, which are faithfully set forth. All idea of any Divine care in the fortunes of this people of God is wholly discarded. Chapter xxxviii., which treats of Judah's sins and the fate of his posterity, is dismissed as "an interpolation, and apocryphal." We cannot see that the Jew rationalist, Kalisch, whose authority in a question of this kind is much higher than that of this unknown writer, has doubted the genuineness of this chapter. That our strictures upon this foolish work may not seem too severe, we give a few paragraphs which may illustrate at once the writer's style and the tone of his thought. Speaking (p. 108) of Noah's sacrifice, he remarks: "The narrative which follows is indeed mournful, and, if unproductive of repulsiveness to the reader, it would betoken a lamentable absence of a sound discriminating faculty. The altar which Noah builded must have possessed enormous dimensions to have afforded space for the vast holocaust which he dedicated to God." Speaking (p. 139) of the promise to Abraham of numerous posterity, he says: "But this prophecy has never been fulfilled, for without stopping to inquire where a population as numerous as the dust of the earth could find subsistence, within a territory of so small an extent as 1,100 square miles, it is a recorded fact that the Hebrew people have been frequently numbered, and have always been found to be few in number." (!) Of the religions of Jacob and of Shechem, he says (p. 237): "It is clear that the dissimilarity in their religion was comprised solely in the outward ceremonial of circumcision; this accomplished, their remaining forms were similitudinary." And once more, in his remarks upon Eve's temptation (p. 61), we have this sagacious criticism of the "serpent": "In ancient times, a mysterious and mythical character was assigned to this early specimen of vertebrated reptiles. There was an epoch in the earth's history at which the Ophidian and Saurian reptiles were the most advanced of its organized inhabitants, and were the highest types amongst the Vertebrata. In the heathen mythology, the ophiological section of natural history occupied a distinguished place, and serpents, both terrestrial and aerial, are subjects for the sacred romance of authors of the Greek and Latin school, as well as of others of greater antiquity." (!) The most original observation in the volume is on p. 244: "The only

interesting fact elicited by this chapter (Chap. xxxvi.) is the discovery of *mules* in the wilderness of Seir, which would go to establish an incident in natural history, namely, that this hybrid was generated from the natural promptings of the animals of the equine genus."

It is fortunate that at last, after more than twenty years of waiting, the remarkable work of Ackermann on the Christian Element in Plato has found a translator.* The translation, on the whole, is good, although the sentences have somewhat too much of the German idiom, and some very long words are used which a severe taste would have excluded. The attempt of Ackermann to identify the essential ideas of Plato with the ideas of Christianity is not new in modern theology. Grotefend and Staedlin, not to mention others who have expounded the treatises of the Grecian philosopher, have ably shown the singular resemblance of passages and thoughts in the Platonic dialogues with the words of Christ and Paul. The position of Ackermann is that of moderate orthodoxy, too moderate for his translator, who is constrained to regret the absence of the *vicarious* idea in his doctrine of the Atonement. The plan of the work is excellent. The subject is first treated *empirically*, by showing how extensive was the recognition of Plato by the Church fathers, and in the Middle Age, as a substantially Christian teacher, and by pointing out the very numerous passages in the works of Plato which resemble passages in the Bible, and the similarity of the Platonic to the Christian ethics. From this Ackermann passes to a *genetic* treatment, removing false views concerning Plato; showing his relation to the new Platonist school; giving hints for a living perception of Plato's greatness; discussing the principal forms of ancient Greek philosophy, and especially the principles of the Platonic philosophy; stating the Christian elements, and finally comparing the two, and adjusting their harmony. The principal point of union which he finds for the two theories is the recognition of the need of salvation to a sinful race. He admits grave differences between the Platonist and the Christian conceptions of salvation, but maintains, nevertheless, that the same general view of the condition of man, the needs of the world, and the destiny of the race, is given by the pupil of Socrates which is found as the distinguishing feature in the teaching of the New Testament. Plato as truly prophesied the Messianic kingdom as did the seers and the songs of the Jewish dispensation. The argument by which this view is defended is dignified, plausible, and acute. There is sufficient learning, but no parade of learning, and the course of the plea fully bears out the modest claim of the Preface. There was no need of coming to Andover for an indorsement of so reasonable and excellent an exposition, and the author's Introduction is quite enough, without the two "Introductory Notes" by which it is commended in

* The Christian Element in Plato and the Platonic Philosophy. Unfolded and set forth by DR. C. ACKERMANN, Archdeacon at Jena. Translated from the German by SAMUEL RALPH ASBURY, B. A. With an Introductory Note by WILLIAM T. G. SHEDD, D. D., Brown Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1861. 8vo. pp. 280.

advance to theological readers. The volume is, in our opinion, the most valuable in the Foreign Theological Library of the Edinburgh publishers. Every page is suggestive; and in spite of its abstract subject, which would seem to preclude fine writing, there are passages in it of genuine eloquence. Chapter VI., on the "Definition of the Christian Element," is at once one of the most beautiful and profound statements of the substance of doctrine in the Gospel of the Saviour that we have met in any theological work.

ESSAYS.

IN our notice of the first series of "*The Recreations of a Country Parson*," its piquant satire, its playful banter, with an under-current of serious meaning, its words of wise counsel and hearty, healthy tone, were fully recognized. The second series* is in every respect worthy of its predecessor, and coming as it does, with a cordial, grateful greeting to appreciative friends on this side of the Atlantic, it appeals even more strongly to our sympathies and to our hearts. It is a book eminently suited to every variety of persons and of moods. Like the dinner to which Southey compares his "Doctor," it has "something for everybody's taste, and all good of its kind." Its tone is perhaps a shade more serious than that of the preceding volume, — not quite so much of playful satire, and more of earnest thought. The Parson has a peculiar faculty of investing old subjects with a fresh interest. It is not that he offers many original or striking thoughts about nature or human nature that renders him so attractive. But he has keen observation and deep insight, and puts our floating fancies, and dim, half-defined perceptions, into shape for us, thus establishing a strong sympathy between himself and his readers. All the essays comprising the second series are readable, though in regard to quality some are much superior to others. "Concerning Solitary Days," "Concerning Summer Days," "Concerning Disappointment and Success," and "Concerning Screws," are among the most suggestive. "Friends in Council" is a highly satisfactory and interesting review of Arthur Helps's last book, while "Man and his Dwelling-Place" successfully exposes some of the fallacies of Mr. Buckle. Those who, like Hamlet, love to muse in graveyards, will find the paper "Concerning Churchyards" curious and attractive. At the risk of being regarded as hypercritical we must qualify our commendation a little. In the "Recreations" there are occasionally coarse expressions, not to be expected of a writer of such evident culture and fine taste. "Pitch into," "bahoo," "bahooing out," and "spooney" would be considered vulgarisms in familiar conversation, and are unpardonable in the reticence of an essay. Upon the author and orator rests a grave responsibility. It is they only who can add to and change a language by giving their sanction to new words and forms of expression. Therefore the author who, either from a desire of singularity or for the sake of a factitious emphasis, allows himself to use slang phrases

* *The Recreations of a Country Parson*. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.

which mar the purity and beauty of his mother tongue, lays himself open to censure, and, with all our admiration and respect for the Country Parson, we must condemn even in him all such liberties ; especially as his wide and growing popularity will give him a position of some authority.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THE idea of a periodical publication exclusively devoted to the events of the war is a very happy one ; and the general plan of Mr. Moore's serial* is, perhaps, all that could be desired. It is in three divisions, each with independent paging, viz. : I. Diary of Verified Occurrences. II. Documents, Narratives, etc. III. Poetry, Anecdotes, and Incidents. Mr. Everett's Fourth of July Oration is prefixed as an introduction (published in Part IV.), and each monthly part contains either two portraits, or a portrait and a map. The first four parts contain portraits of Generals Scott, Fremont, Davis, Butler, Anderson, Lyon, and Dix. The publication is altogether timely and valuable, in spite of the many defects, to which we call attention in the hope that they may perhaps be remedied in future. We need say little of the third part, for its quality depends on the materials rather than the compiler, and he must have been unskilful indeed if he had not in such times as these made an amusing and characteristic collection. In Part II., too, the documents have been very well selected. Two suggestions, however, we would make. The mass of speeches and newspaper extracts is too great for general readers, while historians and students would go, of course, to original documents. For instance, the thirty-six pages of the great Union meeting in New York might very well have been cut down to a dozen or so, and the space filled with some of the excellent sermons and addresses which have been delivered. Certainly sermons would be quite as much in place here as unofficial speeches. The pulpit has had as large a share in this movement as it had in the Revolution ; and nothing is better worth preserving, or more characteristic of the times, than the sermons of Beecher, Bellows, Frothingham, Manning, and others. The second criticism relates to the rosters of the regiments published, which seem to have been taken at haphazard. We make no complaint of their being scattered here and there through the book, for all the documents are of course arranged chronologically, (we would however suggest, for some future number, a complete list of the regiments of every State, with their field-officers,) but not half the regiments are given at all (of Massachusetts, only the fourth and eighth), and sometimes it is the full roster, sometimes only the staff.

This want of system and judgment is still more apparent in the Diary (Part I.), where the only object seems to have been to get as many events into one day as possible, without regard to their historical importance. For illustration, we will take at a venture May 22. This day's diary occupies two pages (rather less than half a page of it being

* The Rebellion Record : a Diary of American Events, 1860-61. Edited by FRANK MOORE, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York : G. P. Putnam. 8vo. Parts I.-IV.

a map), without a single important event. It begins with an insolent extract from the Richmond Whig, which fairly belongs among the *Incidents*. Then follow an account of the raising of a flag in Passaic, N. J., an extract from the Savannah Republican about the revenue, and notices of Gen. Butler's arrival at Fortress Monroe, an attempt to seize a ferry-boat at Clear Spring, the destruction of the fortress at Ship Island, Howell Cobb's proposition to the planters, a circular of the Secretary of War upon appointments, the starting of the second New York regiment and a contingent of the sixty-ninth, the failure of the rebels to obtain a loan in Europe, a flag-raising in Washington, the seizure of a steamer near St. Louis, the appointment of General Sandford, and Dr. McClintock's speech in London. Now scarcely half of this belongs by good rights in an historical diary, and the trivial incidents are given in as much detail and at as great length as the most important.

One of the best features of Part I. has been dropped in the succeeding parts, — we mean the chronological table of events down to March 4; we trust it is only a temporary suspension, and that it will be continued in a future number. The portraits are excellent, but we cannot say as much for the maps, which are for the most part rude and incomplete, — apparently copied from those in the Tribune. A work of the pretensions of this ought to contain the very best maps, plans of battle-grounds, &c., and it ought to be something more than a hash of newspaper extracts.

WHILE the aristocracy of England superciliously look on upon what they regard as the "accomplished fact" of the destruction of the union of these States, and hardly conceal their satisfaction that the experiment of a popular government has failed, a noble writer of France steps in chivalrously to vindicate a calumniated people, and to show in its splendid uprising the proof of its vitality and the assurance of its future glory.* In more than one crisis Count Gasparin has proved himself a ready champion of freedom, and a foe to tyranny. He has written eloquently in favor of Protestantism, and against charlatans and quackeries. But no work which he has written will compare, for breadth of treatment, for enlightened views, for fresh and genial trust in great ideas, with this last splendid manifesto. If it is a plea rather than a treatise, it is a plea which has no selfish advocacy of a cause about it, but is only in the interest of truth and justice. Count Gasparin sees that the issue in this contest, however policy may hide it or partisans deny it, is *slavery against freedom*. To him the strife is the final outbreak of the storm which has been so long gathering, and is a desperate effort of slavery to turn back the doom which the Almighty has pronounced against it. He refuses to accept the votes and protests of those shortsighted men who can distinguish between a war for the Constitution and a war for freedom. The real significance of the election of Mr. Lincoln is, that it is the triumph of the party of liberty over the party

* Un Grand Peuple qui se relève. Les États-Unis en 1861. Par LE COMTE AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN, Ancien Député. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1861. 8vo. pp. 423.

of slavery, and is the sign of a great national revolution. Before the election of Lincoln the course of power was all in the direction of wrong. Now, however imperfect the result attained, the *direction* is right, and there is hope for free institutions on the continent.

The only complaint that we have to make of Count Gasparin's view is, that it is too favorable, too hopeful; and that sufficient weight is not given to those causes which still hinder the way of freedom. In his sympathy he seems to overlook some of those inherent defects in the working of our system which the calmer eye of De Tocqueville noticed and criticised. We cannot yet believe with him that the immediate and speedy issue of this war will be the emancipation of the negro race, or that it will have such influence in purifying the politics of the country as he seems to anticipate. We shall rejoice, however, if Count Gasparin's belief comes true, and slavery shall cease with the nineteenth century; but we cannot find the elements of that result perfectly arranged as yet.

Count Gasparin's zeal for the American cause sometimes carries him into careless and hasty statements of facts, such as (p. 53) that the *men who elected Lincoln* afterward dispersed a meeting in Boston where they came to discuss emancipation. The rioters on that occasion were not the men who elected Lincoln. On p. 81 he says, that *only one* of the States dared to proclaim the infamous doctrine of *repudiation of debts*, and that all who really repudiated have since paid, including even this single State. We are afraid that the poor victims of Mississippi swindling will not quite consent to this statement of the returning honesty of Jefferson Davis and his crew. A few of those bonds still remain, we believe, unpaid. The judgment (p. 85) that there is "no corrupt page" in American romances, nothing that can injure a child, or bring a blush to the cheek of a modest woman, rather indicates a moderate acquaintance with American literature in this kind. He says, too (p. 130), that only the American nation have prayers on shipboard; a statement which all who have crossed the ocean in the Cunard steamers will be inclined to contradict. He errs also in placing the Missouri Compromise after the Wilmot Proviso, and in speaking of Fremont as a Catholic.

Minor blunders are, of course, to be expected, such as the misspelling of names, *Cowper* for *Cooper*, *Charlestown* for *Charleston*, *Cott* for *Colt*, *Mothley* for *Motley*, *George Brown* for *John Brown*, and the like. It is a more unaccountable mistake which classes *Marryatt* among *American authors*! Count Gasparin's orthodoxy, too, is of that positive kind that it cannot help coloring every book that he writes. In the compliment which he pays to Channing, that his work on slavery shows "a heart more Christian than his doctrine," and to the "noble efforts" of Parker, that he was led to deny the Bible because the Bible was made the bulwark of slavery," we have a hint of the writer's religious prejudice. His classification of denominations, moreover, into five great classes, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, dismissing the rest as eccentric and abnormal bodies, is not favorable to our religious conceit. But as

a whole the book is charitable, candid, and Christian, and is written with an eloquence which fascinates and inspires. We have only to regret that the timidity of the American translator has suppressed the indignant rebuke of the time-serving and "cottony" New York Observer.

WE believe that Mr. Charles Knight's precise share in the *Illustrated History of England* has never been announced to the public. It is, however, known that we are very largely indebted to him for the contents of that book, while the plan, if we understand rightly, was wholly his own. In its original form, that book comes down to the treaty of Vienna; — under the title of "*Thirty Years of Peace*," Miss Martineau afterwards continued it to Mr. Knight's order, if we are right, as far as 1845. Her sequel is, on the whole, the best book of reference we have on the subjects it relates to. This is saying very little, however, and the absence of an index both from the "*Illustrated History*" and the "*Thirty Years of Peace*" is an offence not to be pardoned. We are fully of the opinion of that authority who declares that copyright should be withheld from historical books without an index, and that their publishers might with justice be indicted for a criminal offence.

Mr. Knight conceived the plan of the "*Illustrated History*," and published it; but it would seem that he was not wholly satisfied with it. Miss Martineau's book is so completely unlike it, that he may well have felt that it was in no proper sense its continuation. We do not wonder, therefore, that he has himself devoted some years of a life which has been so useful in the "diffusion of knowledge" to the "*Popular History of England*," which has now come as far as the seventh volume, closing with the year 1814.* The book is very creditable to him, and is more and more useful to the public as it approaches its completion. He says, modestly, in the Preface to the volume just now issued, that of the vast accession of authentic materials "which have been published" up to the present time, he has left very few unconsulted. The phrase we quote expresses precisely the plan of his book. There is no pretence at novelty of information, there has been no access to private papers, or state documents hitherto unexplored, but there is as honest a digest as an Englishman of liberal politics can make of the immense mass of memoirs and histories which have been describing the present century.

The "*Popular History*" does not boast the wealth of illustration which distinguished the pictorial, and occasionally the illustrations show the publisher as ruling over the author, — Mr. Charles Knight using his own old wood-cuts to illustrate the letter-press of Mr. Charles Knight the historian. What business, for instance, has an Anglo-Saxon plough at the beginning of a chapter on the agriculture of the nineteenth century? There is, however, a good deal of real illustration which one

* The *Popular History of England*. An *Illustrated History of Society and Government*, from the Earliest Period to our own Times. By CHARLES KNIGHT. Vol. VII. From the Close of the American War, 1783, to the Restoration of the Bourbons and the Peace of Paris.

would be sorry to have lost, — there are a series of portraits of the leading English characters which, though not very good, are suggestive. The book itself has the faults of all writing where condensation is so great an object. To describe the thirty years which followed 1783 in six hundred pages, is a task which no one would gladly undertake, and the style all along drags with the heavy drag of an abridgment. It is not, therefore, a book to read through for one's pleasure. Although a "Popular History," it will never have any popularity. That is a gift reserved for brilliant style in history; for, in buying histories, as in buying novels, most men and women want to have what they can read, — they seek entertainment rather than accuracy. But for the smaller class who do want information compactly stowed, the Popular History, in its closing volumes particularly, will serve a purpose which nothing else serves which is now in print. The eighth volume will bring up the history to 1845.

Americans just now will look with some interest on the narratives in which the new volume shows how very badly a constitutional government can make war. The attack on Constantinople by Admiral Duckworth, and on Buenos Ayres by Admiral "Whitefeather," with the disgraceful failures of both, are worth remembering as illustrations of what followed "the preponderating influence which rendered a minister the slave of court favoritism and of court jobs." "From these influences the country would not readily have escaped," adds Mr. Knight, "unless a man had arisen to prescribe his own will to courts and ministers, to achieve success by the invincible force of his own sagacity." We may doubt if any other country will escape these influences but by the same good fortune.

BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR PARK has thrown his heart and all his great skill at analysis, argument, and delineation into the composition of this Memoir.* It is his second effort to deal with what is evidently to him a fond subject. Considering, therefore, the prominent gifts of the biographer, and the very limited importance of the subject-matter of his volume, we are moved to say that the chief interest of the work is derived from his pen. A score of years ago we used to hear of "Dr. Emmons of Franklin" as notable because of the extended span of his life and the length of his ministry in a quiet farming parish. We have found but little more remarkable than these facts in all that we have read about him in this volume. Dr. Emmons had a local reputation as a parish minister not by any means raising him above the estimate which hundreds of his brethren in New England for the last two centuries have shared, and deserved, for fidelity of service, for consistency of character, and for such professional attainments as were conformed to the expectations and the opportunities of their times. Beyond this desirable and honorable, but by no means rare repute, Dr. Emmons was

* Memoir of Nathaniel Emmons: with Sketches of his Friends and Pupils. By EDWARDS A. PARK. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1861. 8vo. pp. 468.

regarded by a section of the Calvinistic Congregationalists of New England as a man of wonderful ability and of giant power in the region of scientific theology. He has the praise of a skilful logician, and is judged by some to have accomplished great things as an innovator upon the current system of orthodoxy; one party, however, among those who extol his abilities insisting that his dialectic genius was consecrated to the setting forth of the fundamentals of Calvinism in a way more consistent with the conditions of a true philosophy, while another party alleges that his inexorable logic exposes Calvinism to an easy defeat, by laying it open to charges of absurdity, impiety, and fatalism. Dr. Emmons was a logician. He had great skill in syllogisms. He was a most lucid writer. His compositions are models of the plain, unornate, passionless, and commonplace style. But he was not an erudite or scholarly man. His range of thought is exceedingly narrow. He exhibits no broad compass of view. The realm of the imagination was a field wholly unknown to him, because he had no organ or medium of communication with it. His sermons are fibrous, but wholly juiceless. They grind like a farm-cart over the ruts of the gravelly roads of his region, saving only the interchange or variety of up-hill and down-hill. It must have been an insufferably tedious penance for any one of a transcendentalist turn to have listened to his Sunday ministrations. When a man weds himself so rigidly to logic as did Dr. Emmons, it behooves him to be especially careful and inquisitive as to his premises. On these Dr. Emmons does not appear to have exercised any severity of search or test. He took them for granted, as he found them underlying the accepted faith of his professional associates, and the religious households amid which he had been trained. Not a gleam of recognition of the figurative or poetic element of the old Hebrew Scriptures lights up his ratiocinative processes. A sentence, a phrase of Scripture, held to the most rigid literalism in its interpretation, is enough for him to proceed upon in fixing one of the iron conditions of Calvinistic fatalism for the disposal of millions of the human race by the terms of the Divine predestination. We interchanged the perusal of the volume before us with the examination of one of those searching and sceptical works of our own day which aim to sink the plummet of human speculation into the profundities of things divine. How amazing the contrast between those restless and bold, but not necessarily irreverent, investigations which religious philosophy, under the lights or the lures of science, is now pursuing, and the old acquiescence of faith as it started with accepting the fundamentals of the Calvinistic creed as the premises of its theological logic! We mistake greatly, however, in supposing that the antagonism and freedom of thought among us which have brought under discomfiture and contempt every religious idea, doctrine, and institution peculiar to the old New England Calvinism, are to be traced to the demoralizing influences of our Revolutionary war, or to the importations of French philosophy or German neology. Calvinism found its foes and its humiliation among those who were educated under its most rigid teachings and discipline. There is a reticence in the volume before us, hints of something kept

back as to opposition encountered by Dr. Emmons in his own parish and from his ministerial brethren. But any one acquainted with New England life, and with our ecclesiastical history during the period of his ministry, can supply what is omitted. We should be curious to know what portion of the flock to whom Dr. Emmons ministered for fifty-four years, to whom he dispensed his Hopkinsian, Calvinistic logic, and whom he drilled and disciplined in that ungenial school of piety, actually and heartily accepted his teachings. It appears from the Memoir that three of his own children, subject from their birth to his personal, domestic, and professional influence, gave no "evidence of piety," according to the standard, up to the period of their full maturity, nor till they came to the exercises of the death-bed; and the father was doubtful even then in the case of at least one of them. If the parish yielded fruit in no larger proportion than the household, we cannot count upon half its members as responding to the lessons which came from the pulpit. For ourselves, far beyond any feeling of sectarian zeal or strength of mental dissent which alienates us from Calvinism is the force of that profound sympathy which we yield towards those whom its hideous and revolting teachings have crushed in spirit, or driven to the dreariness of despair, or bereaved of the light and solace of the true Christian faith. The clear-headed and independent and resolute in the exercise of their own intelligence might be trusted to work out their own deliverance from the fetters of Calvinism. Dr. Emmons, who was the pope of his parish, would allow no intrusion into it of religious teachers of a milder doctrine. But we doubt not there were farmers in his society who were fully his peers in mental vigor, and who by birth-freedom, or by self-asserted resolution, were clear of that first warp or bias needed always to underlie the development and training of a Calvinist, and who rejected utterly the sophistries and the profanities of the creed. They heard their worthy pastor preach about the Divine causation of evil, about the one sense in which God does originate evil, and the other sense in which God does not originate evil. They listened to him as he tried to explain how God issued a decree which insured the certainty that men would fit themselves for hell while committing sin, and how he also uttered a positive command against sin. They were nurtured upon the ever-reiterated doctrine that a sinner ought to feel such a perfect complacency in the Divine benevolence as to approve the decree which consigned him to an eternal hell of torments. Meanwhile, as some of these farmers, the brighter and the keener among them, were hoeing their corn or cutting their grass by parallel steps of labor side by side, they doubtless exchanged opinions as to these hard abstractions which the Doctor wrought out in his study. Some of these earnest and intelligent men made bold to think that this hard doctrine was conjured up in the brains of theologians, and had no answering reality or significance in the Divine administration, and they, in the exercise of their common sense, worked their way out to some more nutritious elements of piety. It would have required something more cogent than Dr. Emmons's syllogisms to have convinced such men that they had been thrust upon a life of toil and care in this world,

under such hard conditions, at the hand and decree of their Maker. Other dissentients from the teaching of their venerable pastor were alienated from all religious belief, though they might have reserved any hostile or frank avowal of their state of mind in deference to the feelings of females in their families who had been "sealed in covenant." The most instructive lesson to be learned from the former prevalence and the present decline and dying out of Calvinism in New England is this. We see exhibited in our ecclesiastical history and experience how strong is the loyalty of the human heart to religion; how earnest is the testimony to the innate craving for its light and peace and comfort, afforded by the fact that, for the sake of the thing itself, men and women are willing to receive such a form of it, or to receive so much else with it, even what is hideous and revolting.

The human part of Dr. Park's book and of Dr. Emmons's life is exceedingly attractive and instructive. We assent to his estimate of the simple worth and excellence of the long-lived pastor, who covered nearly a century of years with labors of the hands, the head, and the heart. We fail, however, to discern any very distinguishing qualities in him which made him unlike, or superior to, hundreds of others who have filled similar places under similar circumstances. The only exception to be made to this view is in the fact that he had under his roof, from first to last, nearly a hundred pupils, many of whom were talked into an adoption of his form of Hopkinsianism. One of his pupils, President Balch, of Greenville College, Tennessee, after enduring buffetings and persecutions for his unpopular form of orthodoxy, gave a dying testimony to his allegiance to the "Disinterested Benevolence" theory of perdition, by the following provision in his will, in which he "gave his soul to his God to be made for Christ's sake, in boundless grace, an eternal vessel of mercy in heaven, or, in righteous judgment for his sins, a vessel of everlasting wrath in hell, just as seemed good in his sight." Prof. Park most zealously avails himself of this his second service of love in introducing the works of Dr. Emmons with a biography, in order to show the relations of difference between Calvinism and Hopkinsianism. Whether or not it be because we read this part of the volume in the dog-days, we must confess to having received from it very vague impressions. In order to do full justice to his subject, and to help the reader to a systematic disposal of it, Prof. Park makes a most elaborate division and arrangement of his matter, and his plan is admirable for the treatment of biography. He gives us an almost exhaustive enumeration and delineation of the pupils of Dr. Emmons, in order to set forth the radiation and extent of the influence which went from the humble study at Franklin. The relation in which Dr. Emmons put himself to the benevolent, reformatory, and sectarian agencies which originated during his ministry is presented with painstaking fidelity. He succeeded in repressing the public hearing of opinions different from his own in the place of his labors so long as he lived. But we infer that after his decease his own parish, like all others that had been under rigid Calvinistic training, proved that it had long been a fruitful seed-bed of all sorts of heresies, and of irreligion. We meet

in the volume a curious anecdote about "the good old times" of our ancestral religion. During Emmons's ministry at Franklin, the church of his native town, in Connecticut, excommunicated a female member on seven charges. The sixth of these was as follows: "Breach of the *fourth* commandment, in pursuing her husband through the cornfields on the *Sabbath*, for the purpose of beating him."

As you leave the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, full of the memory of the great master, "*fama omnibus notissimo*," at whose tomb there you must have lingered a moment, almost of course you turn aside a few steps to the Via Ghibellina, where stands still the house in which, three centuries and more ago, he, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, lived and worked. It has been preserved substantially as he left it, with the many rooms opening into one another all in a line, and the walking-sticks and the old slippers and the pictures and the paint-cup, strange relic of a famous age;—yet not more a relic than Florence itself, "*which lives still*," says Herman Grimm,—in the book under notice,* and which has softened for us the noisy hours of late;—"when to-day you look down from the height of ancient Fiesole, Santa Maria del Fiore, with its dome and slender bell-tower, churches, palaces, houses, and walls which enclose all, are as they were years ago. The city is like a flower which in its moment of fullest bloom, instead of withering, was petrified. And if you do not remember the ancient time, there seems even life and fragrance to it, you walk the streets which Sforzas and Medici walked; you look from the windows they looked down from. Florence was never stormed, never destroyed;—the buildings of which you read how they went up from day to day, stand there still to fascinate you."

In this house of Michael Angelo has long been preserved a collection of his manuscripts, sealed to the world, we know not why, these many centuries. The last Buonarrotti, descendant of the family founded by Michael Angelo's brother, suffered a friend now and then to see something of them. By his last will he sought to condemn them to perpetual secrecy; but fortunately the Tuscan government refused to sanction his imbecile caprice, and has made preparation for their publication. Among them are said to be not less than sixty unknown letters of Michael Angelo. But that publication not having yet been made, and inspections of the manuscripts being still refused, Grimm suspends his work till this new material appears. Meanwhile we take occasion to applaud his endeavor.

Few periods, says Ranke, and those only the most favored, have shown themselves susceptible to the pure beauty of form;—the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century was such a period. Thus the court of Lorenzo reminds you of that of Pericles;—out of the one sprang Phidias, to fashion the Olympian Jove and the Minerva Promachus; out of the other came Michael Angelo to typify the law-giver in Moses, and to prefigure the Last Judgment in the frescos of

* *Leben Michelangelo's von HERMAN GRIMM. Erster Theil: Bis zum Tode Rafaels. Hanover: Carl Rümpler. 1860. pp. 471.*

the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo's character is stamped upon his works; personal details seem to fail us, that his greatness may awe us ever without distraction. But no man shall escape the microscopic eye of our age. In 1857, Mr. Harford, in England, re-wrote his life; within the last year comes to us, from Germany, the first volume of the work of Herman Grimm. We do not find in either anything which affects our conception of Michael Angelo; some new information there is, yet not much, and that cumulative only, — nothing to disturb the features the world has gazed on these three centuries, — grand, severe, as of one belonging to a greater earth than this. Herman Grimm is a son of the celebrated Wilhelm Grimm, who died in December, 1859, and nephew of Jacob Grimm, — of the family of the "brothers Grimm." His work is said to have attracted much attention in Berlin. It is dedicated to Peter von Cornelius, the foremost master of art in Germany in our time, of whose *cartons*, when exhibited in Berlin, Grimm wrote an account for the use of visitors, — a valuable little book of compactest criticism. To recall the seething life of Florence in Michael Angelo's days is a brilliant task for him who has the power. Grimm, it seems to us, mindful of the elegance of Roscoe, is not unequal to it. Harford wrote as much of Michael Angelo's time, of Raphael, of Savonarola and Vittoria Colonna, as of Michael Angelo; Grimm will write more. But the study of the age did not yield much fruitful result to Harford, and for our part we find a certain conventional tone in his work which impairs its vitality and its interest. Grimm is a writer of another sort. We have always known that Germans could think. Grimm is ambitious to prove that they can write. Whether it be the interest of the subject or the earnestness of the writer that has hurried us on, we have gone swiftly through his book with satisfaction and delight. A little wordy at the outset, perhaps, in explaining how the marvellous activity of Florence, as of Athens, grew out of the fermenting idea of freedom, he becomes terser and more vivid in his illustration of the time which preceded Michael Angelo, — the morning time of our age, purple and reddened and golden with the glory of Dante and Cimabue and Giotto, of Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Donatello; and we feel with him "the indescribable fascinating melody which streams out of the events of human history, filling them with meaning," and how Goethe said truly, that the only profit of history was inspiration. "It is not the consequence of one-sided preference," says Grimm, "if this book, which busies itself with the bloom of Florentine art, bears on its front Michael Angelo's name." His life spanned two centuries, his fame was European. "When German nobles went to Rome, the first thing they demanded was to see Michael Angelo." Like Goethe, he enjoyed in his old age the immortality of his youth.

Grimm explains at length the sources for Michael Angelo's history; they are too familiar to need mention. Yet for Michael Angelo himself he can do little more than, like the rest, revise Vasari, and expose his errors. Among other material he mentions that collected by Dr. Gaye, of Schleswig-Holstein, who examined with care the archives of

Florence, but died in 1840, before completing his work, the third part of which has been edited by Herr von Reumont. For Mr. Harford he has but a word,—that it is the latest work of an Englishman, containing somewhat not before known. For the history of the age there is more abundant material, which, fused by Grimm's fertile thought, gets interest and value for us. As he does not pretend to write a biography merely, but rather to set forth the time, and the spirit of it, he is not to be charged with digression when he relates the story of Savonarola, which one feels with him could have had no other ending. I find, he says, Savonarola's destruction represented too much as the result of the exertions of his enemies and the anger of the Pope. The compelling cause of his fall was the extinguishment of his magic power. The people grew weary; he forgot that human nature was capable of only occasional exaltation; he strove to pour the fire which consumed him into their veins; he created a fanaticism, which, deceived by his own strength and endurance, he held to be the real coming of a purer nature, recognizing at last how the echo which followed his words was only an echo, and did not prolong itself as a voice when they had died away. Grimm has a faculty of clear statement, which to us, appalled by the wordiness of these days, in which you lose an idea, if there be any, through weariness in seeking it, is above all virtues except that of truth. The days of man are short on earth, and of making of books there is no end. He is the benefactor who says briefly his word, if it be only a word, recognizing how the full bursts of light come only from genius, of which men never weary, seeing in it always the Divine.

We find also in Grimm's work a certain depth of thought, which characterizes the German mind. Our historians for the most part are content with painting pictures. They vivify the age, and it is noisy again with its passions and its struggles and its crimes. Walter Scott has done that better than any. But what thought do you find there? When Ranke writes the history of the Popes, he unfolds rather the principles which were shaking Christendom, than the glory of the court of Leo X. Yet he is the great master who does both; of him we do not speak, but of the common method. The Englishman, true to his instincts, takes to the outward event and the brilliant grouping of men; the German, to the inward thought and the never-resting march of mind. The two lives of Michael Angelo of which we have spoken are striking examples of national tendencies. In the one, you are chilled with the deadness of English conservatism; in the other, you are warmed by the glow of German enthusiasm, till for you also the age lives, not as the Florentine looked down on it from Fiesole, but as a part of the thoughtful life of man on earth, flowering here and fragrant on this Italian soil, perfecting rather than repeating that other flower which the Roman received from the Greek ages before.

Grimm's comparison of Michael Angelo with Raphael is one of the happiest illustrations of character. We take a single word from many: "The course of events stirred Michael Angelo, and fired or damped his thoughts. He cannot be regarded apart from the world's history,

while Raphael's life, wholly separated from it, runs in relation like an idyl." It is one of the offices of the past to console the present. While doing the solemn duty, forced upon us of late, of vindicating with power, with wrath also if need be, our birthright of freedom, of keeping pure evermore the hopes of men, it is of highest moral comfort to turn aside at times to the still ages in which the temporary is dead, and only the eternal lives; to walk, if the humor takes us, in the quiet gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and ponder the colossal thought of Michael Angelo; to hear how Raphael lived and Savonarola died; to talk of Marsilio Ficino, with his lamp kept ever burning before Plato's bust, and gaze again upon the resplendent face of Vittoria Colonna, the melody of whose voice was as a benediction from the skies upon the old age of Michael Angelo.

THE Whartons' "Wits of Society" * are far more attractive than their "Queens," because there is more of them, and because the book is written by more experienced hands. Few publications have so much of interest in their subject-matter as this; Sheridan alone could have filled a volume of this size; and besides him are Buckingham and Rochester, Congreve and Fielding, Brummell and Nash, Walpole and Saint Simon, Hook and Sidney Smith, each in a chapter of his own.

In those whose wit, gayety, and gambling were the shining lights of Charles the Second's court, and to a degree in nearly all these anecdotes of profligacy, the perversions of gifted minds are enough to make one sick of the sound of fashionable life. Still, as the narrative comes nearer to our own day, it is gratifying to find pleasure grow modest, profligacy put some restraints upon itself, and the baser vices retire, rebuked by a more Christian civilization. In this social progress we can thank God and take courage. Without using much care as to the authenticity of their incidents, or intending more than to amuse an idle hour, the Whartons have given some of the most impressive warnings ever breathed against a miscalled life of pleasure, against self-indulgence in every form, and especially against that love of the world which is still, as of old, enmity to God.

MESSRS. Ticknor and Fields have conferred another favor on the American public by inducing the author of *Self-Help* to gather into a volume the "Brief Biographies" of Watt, Stephenson, Arnold, Miller, Cobden, Bulwer, Jeffrey, Elliott, Borrow, Audubon, Macgillivray, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Sterling, Hunt, Coleridge, Kitto, Poe, Hook, Combe, Chadwick, Nicoll, Bamford, Clare, Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Brown, Fuller, Martin, Martineau, and Chisholm.† The variety is unusual; reformers and conservatives, poets and politicians, the known and the unknown, Americans and English, appear, in no order of time, subject, or ability, occupy from a half-dozen to more than a score of pages, and were evidently pre-

* The Wits and Beaux of Society. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

† Brief Biographies. By SAMUEL SMILES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

pared for different works, sometimes from exceedingly imperfect material, but all in an earnest, hopeful, elevating, Christian spirit. Like that excellent book, "Self-Help," this too brief volume has received a hearty welcome from the friends of the young and the young themselves. The only provoking thing about the beautifully illustrated pages is, that, when one turns to a particular name for facts and dates, he is commonly disappointed. The supply of statistics is as meagre as possible. A hundred questions spring up in reading one of these biographies for which no answer is found. In another edition, a few notes would help to make it a book of permanent interest and frequent reference: even as it is, few books have been published by this popular house so worthy of being called useful, in the highest sense, and yet so generally attractive.

POETRY AND FICTION.

WE have Framley Parsonage completed, in the Cornhill Magazine, and in a volume.* The series which began by "The Warden," by far the most carefully wrought of all, approaching even the Vicar of Wakefield in some of its descriptions, has been followed up more carelessly by "Barchester Towers," has had some side reference to "Doctor Thorne," and now ends with this volume. Their success has led to a new interest in all Mr. Trollope's earlier novels, and has perhaps betrayed him into the carelessness of success in Orley Farm,† an ingenious story, which is now in progress in numbers, illustrated by Millais. Mr. Trollope's ability is of the first order, his conscience not of the lowest, but not of the first,—perhaps about the second on a scale of ten.

We have so many readers specially interested in the collection of books for village and parish libraries, that we call their especial attention to a series of novels by Miss Manning, which have, for some reason, escaped the notice of the American re-publishers. Her "Mary Powell" is well known and valued here, but of the long list of books below,‡ all by this author, we have seen none in American editions. There is no pretence in these little books, but they are well written, in an engaging style, carry an affectionate moral without forcing it, and make the reader wish for more. With all our admiration for Miss Yonge we own that there is much in this series which reminds us of some of her excellences. There is not the same High-Church drift,

* Framley Parsonage. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† Orley Farm. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. With Illustrations by J. F. Millais. Parts 1-6. London: Chapman and Hall.

‡ There are twenty or thirty volumes, comprising: The Hill-Side; The Old Chelsea Bun-House; Queen Philippa's Golden Book; Good Old Times; Cherry and Violet; Helen and Olga; Chronicles of Merry England; Some Account of Miss Clarinda Singleheart; Jack and the Tanner of Wymondham; Provocations of Madame Palissy; Colloquies of Edward Osborne; Household of Sir Thomas More; Deborah's Diary; Claude, the Colporteur; Caliph Haroun Alraschid; Day of Small Things; Town and Forest; Family Pictures; Story of Italy; Tasso and Leonora; The Year Nine; Poplar House Academy. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Company.

but there is a well of sound religion, undefiled by cant. Nor let the reader be afraid that the books are dull. He will not be apt to begin one without finishing it.*

It is scarcely time yet to pass in full review Mr. Dickens's tales, and time will determine whether they are to have a permanent place in our literature before the critics do. Yet it is nearly a generation since the first fragments of "Pickwick" began to light up the newspapers, and so far have we advanced that the younger set of people on the stage hardly know who is meant by "Boz," and consider "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" slow and old-fashioned. There has, meanwhile, been a general feeling that the duties of the editor of a weekly journal have not been more favorable to Mr. Dickens's genius than they have been to other authors', or that his later stories show that the vein was growing narrower, and almost running out. Either he was very careless, it was said, or he had really nothing more to say.

"Great Expectations,"† therefore, certainly did not excite any expectations at all. But as it has crept on through who shall say how many weekly infinitesimal issues, the young people, who are in such matters the only patient people, have steadily held to it, the number of readers has steadily enlarged, and, now that it is finished, even the severest critics of Mr. Dickens have in some instances unbent, have said he had "picked his flint before he tried again," that this was the old flash from the old flint, and that it was as bright as ever. There can be no doubt that the novel has done much to restore its author to the position which he had for some years so willingly or so carelessly abandoned.

If we are to analyze the qualities by which the book wins for him this reprieve, we must own that it is not by any relief from the extravagance of plot. People choose to say that truth is stranger than fiction, and, as most truth is very strange and most fiction is very commonplace, the remark on the average is true. But nobody has ever lighted on truth more extraordinary than this fiction. A beautiful Miss Havisham, while dressing for her wedding, literally with one slipper off and the other slipper on, is jilted by her betrothed. By way of revenge on herself, on him, on mankind generally, and the world, she determines to remain in that exact condition, with all the circumstances unchanged, till her death. The wedding breakfast remains for the spiders and the mice, — as in the case of a certain supper of Mrs. Radcliffe's, which readers will remember who are more than a hundred years old, — the dressing-room is kept lighted by day and night, and the avenging lady spends all the time which she can spare from her meals and her sleep in sitting in her dressing-room with the off slipper in her hand, or in walking round the banquet-room contemplating the gradual decay of the bride-cake. To make the vengeance

* These books, less known here than they deserve, may be easily imported. We made acquaintance with them through the convenient establishment of Mr. Loring, whose really cosmopolitan library is one of the luxuries of New England life.

† Great Expectations. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published (under copyright) by Harper and Brothers, New York, and Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.

more certain, she brings up a very pretty girl to the business of breaking the hearts of as many men as she can find any chance to work upon.

Into the precincts of the brewery where this melodrama is enacted day and night is introduced, for the amusement of the lady and to assist in her exercise, Philip Pirrip, Pip "for short," the hero of the tale. It is of course, in one of Mr. Dickens's tales, that he has been abused from infancy, under-fed, wholly uneducated, and wholly without experience of any of the joys of childhood or of home. It is of course, in one of Mr. Dickens's stories, that from this system of training there results a character as fit for the hero of a novel as young sixteen can ask, — a hero who has acquired, indeed, sufficient intellectual ability to write down this story. As the children of the story advance into life, — more than a quarter part of the book being, of course again, devoted to their childhood, — it proves that Pip, the hero, has come by some mystery into a fortune. The discipline of his childhood has, of course, fitted him perfectly to use it rightly and to enjoy its advantages. His mysterious connection with the lady in one slipper makes everybody suppose that his wealth comes from her, an impression which he himself shares, and under which he offers fortune, hand, and heart to the heroine of the book, who is the little girl who has been brought up to the profession of a flirt by the recluse lady who wore her wedding dress so long.

She rejects Philip, breaks his heart as in her private duty bound, and marries some one else. Philip finds that his wealth comes to him from a convict whom he had befriended in his childhood, who had found some sort of nuggets in some business in Australia. The ill-gotten source of the money, which had seemed so respectable when it had been thought to be accumulated in a brewery, gives him a good deal of mortification, and he refuses to accept it; but finally, the first husband of the flirt having died, and she having "got good," as the children say, in the mean while, Philip and she come together again, are married in those second nuptials which Mr. Dickens always considers better than the first, love, and are happy.

We travel far enough out of our usual course to tell this story, because it is so unusually absurd, and because in the skeleton the reader sees in what proportion Mr. Dickens unites farce and melodrama in the construction of his really effective novels. There are very few stories by any author of repute, of which the framework so resembles the sketch of a new melodrama, as the tired theatrical reporter at midnight prepares it for the morning newspaper. To such a plot Mr. Dickens adds the requisites of the school of English farce, — of which the essential point now seems to be a great deal of eating and drinking before folks, — and the introduction of such odd names as Wopsle, Pumblechook, Pirrip, and Gargery, for all but the gentry of the tale. We must add to this, that he uses still that inverted form of language which does the same by words as the school-boy's hog-Latin does for syllables, — the form in which the hero says, "I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the

pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention." This exaggerated way of expressing trifles in sesquipedalian language was very funny when Mr. Dickens introduced it. But it is very easily imitated. The imitation has already debased the current language more than any element of our time, and it is now so universal as to be no longer entertaining, but to the last degree tedious to the reader.

All these peculiarities of this great author grow more and more harassing and provoking to any one who has followed him from the beginning. Such readers cannot be as much amused by the name Philip Pirrip, as they were by the name Oliver Twist. They cannot be as much grieved when Philip Pirrip is starved, as they were when Oliver Twist was starved. They cannot forgive the melodramatic absurdity of plot on the thirtieth recurrence, as they did upon the first. And here is the reason why they have to be persuaded by their children to attack "*Great Expectations*," instead of waiting eager for the successive numbers, indignant with any steamship whose wheels tarried in bringing one over.

Yet there remains all the real power of the man. It would be almost worth while to take such a book as this, strip it of the superficialities, and see what the world would say to it, when it went forward with its real excellences, and without this tedious repetition of what we laughed at a quarter-century ago, we scarcely know why. There is the same confidence in the truth, the same simple homage to tenderness, the same certainty that the right must win the victory in God's world, which have given to these books all the value and all the real popularity they ever had, and have made them so many life-boats which have buoyed up even the unassorted cargoes of old theatrical properties with which it has pleased Mr. Dickens to load them. There are passages which show that he is, when he chooses, still master of a most vigorous Saxon style, in which he writes the best of English, and analyzes most delicately the finest springs of motive. There are descriptions of natural scenery and atmospheric effect which are the work of a master only. And there is all the pre-Raphaelite precision in the delineation of the details of the simplest movement or position, — which is invaluable when these details represent appropriately and harmoniously the parts of a symmetrical and complete picture. But if there is no such picture, the nice detail is as worthless in literature as on canvas. All that accuracy is only labor lost, and an annoyance to the spectator, when he sees only a jumble of studies, brought together rather to astonish by their precision, than to contribute as subordinate parts to the composition of the whole.

WE had the pleasure of welcoming the first appearance of "*Hymns for Mothers and Children*"* at the commencement of the year. We take equal pleasure in noticing that, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country and its effects on the Book Trade, a second edition has

* *Hymns for Mothers and Children*. Compiled by the Author of "*Violet*," "*Daisy*," &c. Second Edition. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1861.

been demanded, and the demand supplied. We can only repeat what we have already said, that the compilation is made with exquisite taste and good discretion, and is every way fitted to answer the specific purposes the editor proposed to accomplish. She and her publishers have offered to the public an unexceptionable volume for the home and the dearest inmates of the home. It should be held a treasure in every household, for every household blessed by its presence will find it a purifying influence, promotive of all that is good and true.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has given an exhibition of home life in Russia,* remarkable for its absence of everything that could tickle the literary palate, allure a careless reader, create a De Sala interest, or feed the taste for the wonderful and horrible. Without any preface, without any attempt at fine writing, without pretending to know more than any thoughtful observer might know of that mighty "despotism tempered by assassination," he has furnished in his chapters crowded with facts abundant refutation of the thousand and one fancies with which Russia has been made to entertain us before. The whole tone of the book is exceedingly hopeful. English and American literature is shown to be freely circulated and highly esteemed by the rapidly increasing class of educated Russians. The common people seem to be improving their condition, attached to their sovereign, and of better morality than is generally believed. The principal festival witnessed by him passed off without any excess, although unrestrained by any police force, and crowded by thousands of all classes, who were feasted as well as illuminated at the public charge. The barbarous "knout" he represents as having passed out of date: during his eight months' residence at Moscow and St. Petersburg, the severest form of corporal punishment was never inflicted. Political prisoners even acknowledged to him the leniency of their treatment: revolutionary and anti-Russian works were permitted to be read by those who were under punishment for state crimes. Siberia too he holds to have been grossly misrepresented by De Custine, most of the prisoners being the common class of criminals, and many of those who had once been conspirators being permitted afterwards to occupy offices under government, any Russians or Poles still residing in Siberia on account of political offences doing so of their own free will. The purpose of Russia he thinks to be to settle and civilize the vast territory stretching from Russia proper to China. One remarkable man, at least, Mr. Edwards has brought to light, — an architect who understands acoustics. M. Cavo, it appears, can construct the largest theatre so that every sound shall be distinctly heard in every part: he ridicules the common idea that it is impossible to know beforehand whether a building will be "good for sound." The St. Petersburg Theatre he reformed, so that there was no echo, and

* The Russians at Home: showing what Newspapers they read; what Theatres they frequent; and how they eat, drink, and enjoy themselves. By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. London. 1861. Copyright secured in America.

the hearing was equally perfect in every part of the immense edifice. The Moscow Opera House, far larger every way than La Scala or San Carlo, and three times the size of the English "Lyceum," gives to every ear the softest note of music. A visit of such a master-builder would certainly make an era in this country, where so often, as has been wittily said, the problem of so constructing a hall that half the audience should either fail to see or to hear has been solved in many a church in which they can do neither.

AMONG the numerous books recently published on Africa, the gorilla man, as Du Chaillu is termed, has given us the most interesting.* Borrowing something, no doubt, from the labors of others, paying little regard to dates and distances, devoting hardly a line to mere science, claiming sometimes as discoveries matters which have been long known to students of nature, putting up many of his specimens so hastily that they have been of no benefit to the world, he has yet succeeded in opening Equatorial Africa to the reading public in a most attractive manner. Without and within his favorite monster figures, so that those who cannot read can learn; and those who can will not lay the book aside until its last hairbreadth escape is devoured. Undoubtedly Du Chaillu visited this region where the Gaboon missionaries entertained him so liberally; that starting-point in the story is fixed by their reports beyond a doubt. Nor does he seem to exaggerate his hardships or conceal his failures. The principal mountain in his track he attempted in vain to ascend. The largest cataract perhaps in Africa he was baffled in approaching. Many of the popular stories about the gorilla, with whom he had such formidable encounters, he readily refutes, — as of its beating elephants to death with clubs, dragging off native women alive into the forests, lurking as a highwayman by the travelled wayside to capture the unsuspecting passenger. He claims to have discovered the ape which builds an umbrella-covered hut in the trees, to have sent home twenty skeletons of as many kinds of unknown quadrupeds and sixty new species of birds, to have travelled eight thousand miles afoot unattended by any European, to have consumed fourteen ounces of quinine in fever attacks, and to have killed upwards of a thousand quadrupeds, — part of which may be the exaggerations of a brave, careless, enthusiastic adventurer. He professes to have visited the Fan tribe of cannibals, and to have been treated with unvarying kindness; he pronounces them the most promising tribe that he encountered; though his statement of their devouring bodies which had perished by disease is as offensive to one's faith as it is to nature; and we do not remember any other chapter so loathsome in the reports of reliable travellers. But his circumstantial account of the devotion of nearly all the natives to the first white man who had honored them with a visit, their scrupulous protection of his property, their continued reverence of him as a spirit, their nursing him in sickness, their feed-

* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

ing him when they were famishing, their zealously defending him when attacked, and electing him a king of one of their tribes, would seem to open the most promising field for missionary enterprise that has ever been found. As a successful hunter, however, these unsophisticated savages would naturally revere the gifted stranger; as the destroyer of their most terrible enemies, they would naturally reward him with their gratitude; as he repaid their services liberally, they might be expected to hazard life in his behalf. But it is touching to read of the eager affection with which their "sadly abused women" nursed him when he seemed to be brought within the shadow of death, of their sitting by him the night long to fan his fevered head, of their gathering refreshing fruits at their own prompting from the forest, and planning together for his cure in soft voices which comforted him as he awoke from troubled dreams. It reminds one of the experience of Mungo Park, and Ledyard, and many more, and for the credit of human nature we like to believe it a real experience; while the tender sympathy with which he narrates the distress of the little Nshiego over the body of its dead mother, and its caressing attempts to bring her back to life, followed by a plaintive wail at last, does honor to his own kindness of heart.

"SEASONS with the Sea-Horses"* is a professional sportsman's adventures farther north than his craft has usually been, and among animals unaccustomed to be pursued for anything but profit. Exchanging his own yacht for a Hammerfest sealing-vessel, Lamont and his friend Kennedy kill and secure during the summer of 1859 forty-six walruses, sixty-one reindeer, and eighty-eight seals, besides a vast many more that were shot and lost. The pleasant narrative is as easy reading as it must have been writing. Except a mere assertion against the theory of an open sea, and a gratuitous profession of faith in Darwin's progressive development, there is nothing but a succession of sporting adventures, with game that have no refuge from experienced huntsmen but flight, and are sometimes easily cut off from that. The romance, the peril, the severity of the struggle, which make Du Chaillu's careless story so attractive, is not found among the sea-horses: the occasional danger of getting lost in a fog, the uncomfortableness of sleeping in a sloop full of decaying flesh, the possibility of being upset in dragging after the harpooned prey, lend but little variety to the narrative. Some credit is due, however, to one who has loved sport enough to seek it in every quarter of the globe, for valuable contributions to geological cabinets, and for a minutely drawn map of a region overflowing with game of the largest kind.

THE author of "The Neighbors" will always find a large audience, because she has the attraction of a genial spirit, a comprehensive sympathy, and a Christian view of life. After too long a silence she offers

* Seasons with the Sea-Horses. By JAMES LAMONT, F. G. S. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

us now a narrative* of two years' wandering through France and Italy, divided into fifteen "Stations": a title appropriate enough if each of these distinct chapters had been devoted to a distinct community, instead of two to Naples and three to Rome. Miss Bremer's book is evidently a diary, written in haste, after fatigue, amidst interruptions, and therefore with many inaccuracies, which a careless printer has sadly aggravated. Besides these frequent blemishes, the same unjustifiable revelations of private confidence disfigure "Life in the Old World" as were universally condemned in her "Homes in the New World": but nothing could help the book better to become a universal favorite, than these reported interviews with the great and good, whom most of us will never see nor hear any other way.

It is mortifying that these glimpses behind the curtain amount generally to so little: that with unrivalled opportunities, — De Rossi himself to interpret the Catacombs, Pio Nono to discuss Romanism, a whole convent to lay open the heart of the church through four entire days, — she gives so few wheat-grains amongst so much chaff. Her description of the "Homes of Health" in Switzerland is very interesting. We hope that such homes — mansions established by wealthy individuals in country places for the recovery of sick children and old people — will by and by be introduced in America. Their object is to cure those whom medicine fails to benefit, by summer privileges such as are hardly dreamt of among the city poor.

To some of the Romanist doctrines, as Purgatory and the uninterrupted connection with the departed, Miss Bremer inclines, and several times avows her conviction that out of the union of what is best in the Protestant and Catholic systems a higher, purer, and truly catholic church will some day arise.

One of her most eloquent passages closes in this way: —

"May the Catholic continue the greater portion of the Christian Church until the Protestant Church shall have advanced to a more spiritual life; till she has regained and interpreted in a higher light many of the ever-preserved treasures of the Catholic Church. Then perhaps will this Church acknowledge that which the younger son has won, and understand what it is she desires; and then both may go on to their transformation, ascend to a new life, a kingdom in spirit and in truth! And as certain flowers beloved by the sun develop a metamorphosis more than others, so ought this soil, warm with the life of beauty and the blood of martyrs, become a sunflower, which shall represent the transfiguration of the Christian Church into a holy Kingdom of God!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

WITH the first outbreak of the war, and the spontaneous springing of the army from the ground, there awakened a resolution, all over the country, that this army should not be left to suffer any hardships which could be prevented by Christian science or care. Over the whole land spontaneous organizations sprang into being for "working for the troops," in whatever forms of work could be suggested. The same

* *Life in the Old World.* By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Peterson and Brother.

spirit which tempted the "rough" of the Bowery to offer his pet bull-terrier to the accomplished historian of the New York Seventh Regiment, as he passed him in the column on the day it left New York, showed itself elsewhere in the gifts of money by the rich, in the consecration of the needle by woman, of science by the learned,—all resolved that they would work as well as pray in the sacred cause which is to

".... give us law in liberty, and liberty in law."

It is to be hoped some statistics may be preserved, and some historian found, of the popular movement for the supply of the army with every possible convenience or necessity which it was supposed the public stores might not furnish. At the present moment, while it is easy to illustrate the promptness of the popular feeling, it is impossible to state its full results, or even to estimate them. As an illustration, which is not at all remarkable, we may name one response made by a volunteer board to a demand from the capital. In the city of Boston, one day, a request was received, from the head of the nurses at Washington, for three thousand cotton shirts of a different pattern from those then in hand. It was supposed that they were wanted immediately; and, without a stitch of paid labor, in less than three days the material was contributed, the shirts cut and made by volunteers, and on their way.

Among these thousands of spontaneous movements was one instantly set on foot by some gentlemen in the city of New York.* We believe we are right in speaking of Rev. Dr. Bellows as first suggesting the Sanitary Commission which has grown up immediately under their agency. They reported themselves at Washington among the very first of the volunteers. They found Miss Dix there, who had tendered her services for the organization of nurses, almost as soon as the Massachusetts Sixth appeared with theirs in a sterner line of duty. They consulted with the War Department, and especially with the Medical and Surgical Staff, as to the necessities of the exigency,—in especial, what could be done to bring up this immense volunteer army in war to a level of efficiency, in health and *morale*, such as our regular army has attained in peace, perhaps, but such as no army in the field has ever yet been blessed with. As Dr. Bellows said "in one of his early circulars, they desired to do in "the people's war," from the beginning, what in other wars had unfortunately been done only too late,—to ascertain the causes of disease in time to insure its prevention in the very same campaign. The government welcomed the proposal. The Acting Surgeon-General, Dr. Wood, addressed a note to the Secretary of War, as early as the 22d of May, proposing the organization of "an intelligent and scientific commission, to be called, a Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces." He says, with great good sense, that it would "strengthen the present organization, in introducing and elaborating such improvements as the advanced stage of medical

* Documents of the Sanitary Commission. Nos. 1-17. Washington. May, June, July, 1861. [Printed for the Commission, but not published.]

science might suggest," more particularly as regards the volunteers. Dr. Wood proposed, after consultation with the New York delegation, that Dr. Bellows, Professors Bache, Gibbs, and Wyman, and Dr. Van Buren, with a competent officer of the Medical Staff, should form this board, with power to name their officers and fill their vacancies. The "New York Sanitary Delegation" seconded these proposals in a letter written the next day. The War Department approved of the plan. The names of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Dr. Wood, and of Messrs. Cullum and Shiras of the army, of Dr. C. R. Agnew and Dr. J. S. Newberry, were added to the commission, Mr. Geo. T. Strong chosen its treasurer, and Mr. Frederic L. Olmsted its secretary. The government provided suitable rooms in the Treasury Department for the head-quarters of the Commission; — but the Commission, from the first, had determined that the work of its members should be gratuitously given to the country; and for its manifold expenses it appeals, not in vain thus far, to the public liberality, as shown in voluntary contributions. The Commission has since chosen about two hundred and twenty associate members in different parts of the country, in the hope that their interest in its object will induce them to extend its usefulness and activity in the neighborhood of their homes.

Meanwhile events have been showing, as eloquently as the board itself could do, the necessity of its own organization. The army of civilians who were made soldiers by the first shot fired at Sumter undoubtedly had a very remarkable rank and file, — remarkable for its intelligence, its moral worth, and readiness for whatever duty, — equally remarkable for the quickness with which the men learned those superficial details of a soldier's duty which can be taught in drill or from books. We have heard an accomplished European drill-officer say that a company of such men learned well in an hour's drill details of the "school of the soldier" which conscripts, careless or unwilling, in France, would not learn in a fortnight's training of six hours a day. But this promptness in learning what can thus be taught and shown only helps the new soldier to a very small part of the business to which he has devoted himself. There is left behind all the detail which is requisite, that he shall be in good condition, physically, mentally, and even morally, for his new duties. In a volunteer army, largely officered by men who had scarcely dreamed of war six weeks before, it appeared at once, not only that men could not learn these details as they learned the manual, but that, if they could, there was scarce any one to teach them. The officers systematically trained in our own military schools, or in Europe, were but a handful in the host; and in the outset this handful of men was too busily engaged in preparing volunteers for the immediate exigencies of battle which the morrow might bring, to have an instant, or more than an instant, for such details as those of camp police. Outside their number, even the gentlemen who have been most interested in the militia had scarcely had any opportunity for attention to these important branches of the duty of a soldier. We remember on an early visit at a military encampment in this State, we found the spirited young officer who was the next day to appear as its Major-

General in command, at work in his shirt-sleeves pitching his own marquee; and this not because he had not coadjutors enough willing to serve, but because, literally, of all his staff, and of all those whom he might have ordered to the camp-ground to this service, he was the only man who knew how this thing should be done. Yet the next day presented a very respectable "dress-parade," — that being a matter which the men could learn, and had learned, in frequent drills in their armories. With the rapidity which has so amazed even this fast country itself, such regiments were hurried into the important encampments of Washington, Fort Monroe, Harrisburg, and Chambersburg, of Marietta and Cairo. Regiments so new as these we have described would not be in camp a day before their own members, privates and officers, would see that there were necessary details essential to the health and general efficiency of the men, which no camping-out of hunters in the wilderness and no treatises on military art could teach them. Before they were in camp a month, it would appear that "living out-doors" is 'not in itself a panacea for human disease. With the abandonment of other comforts of domestic life, men thus grouped together would find themselves abandoning its cleanliness. Homesickness, in forms too distinct to be laughed off, would come stalking into the unoccupied hours. So many men, again, were to be trained to use stated articles of food, such as they had not used in the same form at home; and, what was quite as important, either these men were to learn to cook their new food, or some system was to be devised by which somebody should cook it for them. Without any sanitary commission, men in these conditions would find out very soon that there was a necessity of some systematic arrangement to preserve the condition, moral and physical, of the new army.

The Sanitary Commission addressed itself to this necessity by appointing two series of committees, one of inquiry, one of advice. Each of the sub-committees at work under this subdivision has already contributed to the work of the Commission, and there is every appearance of an extension of its operations. Circulars calling for information have been distributed among the military officers, the surgeons, and the chaplains of the regiments, and careful digests of the results attained in other wars have been prepared and distributed in the proper quarters. A system of camp inspection was at once set on foot. Six inspectors, most of them medical men, have been passing from camp to camp, to report to the Commission, and through it, of course, to the heads of the army, as to the sanitary condition of each. In the first report of Mr. Olmsted, printed for the use of the Commission, are specimens of these reports. They go into details regarding the situation of the camps or barracks inspected, and their liability to disease from soil or neighborhood; the number of regiments, and their comparative condition; the number and ages of the men; the examinations which have been made of their condition; the hospital department; the provisions for surgical attendance in camp and in the field; the provisions for tents, for privies, for bathing, and vaccination; the statistics of small-pox, varioloid, measles, invasions of vermin; the number of deaths; the arrange-

ments for burial. They examined also into the men's amusements, the arrangements for disinfection, the rations of meats, vegetables, spirits, medicine, and the supply of water and the provisions for cooking; into the clothing of the men and into the arrangements for its washing, and for sleeping; and also into camp police, in its arrangements for horses, for slaughtering, for drainage, and for refuse. We do not go into the details of these inquiries, but the reader will see how wide a range they cover by an abridged statement of them. Not satisfying itself with inquiry, the Commission at the same time circulated among surgeons, chaplains, and other officers, the most minute information it could collect from elaborate sanitary reports which have been made, too late, after the recent foreign wars.

It is too early for us to speak of the results of these efforts. The difficulty which the officers of the Commission will find at first, will be in the indifference and ignorance of many of those on whom the real responsibility rests. The Commission itself has on the spot none but an advisory power. It may offer that advice as delicately or as stringently as it pleases, but if it offer it to fools, they will not hear. Still there are enough officers who are not indifferent or ignorant for a beginning, and an influence from head-quarters may be steadily exerted on the others. A very great advantage is gained in an army like ours, when some centre of instruction is established for the benefit of those who want to learn. We can imagine that a health inspector may leave a camp very despondently, when the colonel has thanked him for his visit, asked him to dinner, and offered him a glass of wine, all as the most convenient way for being rid of him. We can see that that reception may augur as little for improvements in the camp, as if he had been sworn at for an interloper, and kicked out of the lines. If the colonel or other officer in command only wants to get rid of him, his inspection for the moment may seem a failure. But it is not a failure. The mere fact that somebody somewhere knows that that camp is amiss, and that it will be so reported at head-quarters, remains, — in the commander's memory it remains as well as in the inspector's, — and if all the while a high standard is presented, and the means of securing it are exhibited, the camps will be approaching that standard in one way or another.

We could wish that the Commission might gradually receive more than an advisory power. If an inspector could take with him a squad of twenty men, as carefully picked and drilled to obey his directions as are sappers and miners for their duty; if they carried with them their model equipage, pitched their little camp in a model way, cooked their model rations on a model system, while ready to execute for the moment any improvements their own chief might wish to illustrate in the details of camp life, as in the supply of water, or the improvement of drainage; if such men showed the other soldiers in camp that, while they drilled as well as the best, they slept better, ate better, dressed more neatly, and, in general, got along easier; if, on their occasional visits at a camp, they introduced the football, cricket, and hop-skip-and-jump, which save Gibraltar from ennui, or the polkas, mazourkas, and the

like, which keep up men's spirits at Chalons, — we can conceive that the arrival of a sanitary inspector with his men for a week at a station would not be dreaded by anybody, but welcomed by all, and that when they departed for another, they would leave behind them a series of permanent lessons of advantage.

AMONG the scholars, if of the second class, who do honor to Germany, Ludwig Döderlein deserves to be known at least to those who recognize in the "humanities" the beneficent agency of human thought civilizing human life.

He was born at Jena, in 1791, the son of a Protestant theologian, John Christoph Döderlein. Trained up under the best teachers of the land, he was taught at Heidelberg by Creuzer and Voss; at Munich, by Thiersch, who recognized the abilities and delighted in the enthusiasm of his pupil; at Berlin, by Wolf and Böckh and Buttmann. From Berlin, at the age of twenty-two, he was called to be Professor of Philology in the Academy at Berne, whence, in 1819, he went to Erlangen as Rector of the newly organized Gymnasium, and second Professor of Philology in the University; and in 1827, giving up his rectorship, he was made first Professor of Philology and Eloquence, and Director of the Philological Seminary at Erlangen, where he still lives.

A German who studies much will write much. One cannot get far into the domain of philology and criticism without recognizing the activity of Döderlein. We do not propose to catalogue his writings. We mention only the "*Œdipus Coloneus des Sophokles*" (Leipzig, 1824), the *Agricola* (German, Aarau, 1818), and the *Germania* (Latin and German, Erlangen, 1850), together with the *Works of Tacitus* (2 vols., Halle, 1847). His chief work is considered to be his "*Lateinische Synonymen und Etymologien*" (Leipzig, 1841). He has published also a *Glossary of Homer* (1 vol., Erlangen, 1850). His last work of which we have knowledge is that undernoted, — a translation of the *Satires of Horace*.*

Upon the superiority of the German language over all modern languages for this purpose of translation, that is, of transference of the ancient speech, dead long ago, to the living tongue, we shall not enlarge now. It deserves to be understood better than it is. The German is a plastic language of remarkable power; and for our part, we find also a certain affinity between the German and Hellenic mind. Compare a line of Chapman's or Cowper's with a line of Voss's Homer, and you cannot fail to see how the German does not so much translate as reproduce the Greek. To translate an author, you must first understand him, not verbally and grammatically, but by a certain sympathy of spirit. Cousin's translation of Plato is the best in French, because of all Frenchmen Cousin best understood Plato; but for our part, we read rather Schleiermacher's, for Schleiermacher did not pretend to understand what Plato did not. For half a century the Germans have cultivated the classics with their whole souls, not above other things, but among

* *Horazens Satiren. Lateinisch und Deutsch mit Erläuterungen von Dr. LUDWIG DÖDERLEIN. Leipzig. 1860.*

other things. The ancient thought has passed into the vitality of theirs. They translate thus better than we do, because the light glows stronger on their pages than on ours.

In his valuable Preface, Döderlein explains himself touching the character of these Satires, as the world calls them, — Horace called them *Sermones*, that is, conversations, table-talk. And as such he handles his subject, says Döderlein, always in a discursive way, moving lightly on the surface of things, carefully avoiding profundity, revelling in the freedom which conversation gives from the severity of method in developing thought, availing himself of the liberty of digression and piquant allusion, — wholly forgetting, in a word, that first law of all art, the law of unity of the whole. Thus also the Essays of Montaigne win their charm for us. There is no recognition of that deeper world of thought which underlies our daily lives. It is the bright bubble which Horace loves to catch, — not the loftier, it may be sadder, meanings of life which connect the temporal with the eternal. Plato thought more when, looking out upon bright Nature, he wondered whether Euripides did not speak the truth when he said:

Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ κατάνειν,
Τὸ κατάνειν δὲ ζῆν;

But there was not in Horace, insists Döderlein, a satirical tendency to expose the vices of individuals, or the folly of the age. Some of his poems are meant only for amusement. Others are dramatic portraitures of character, which only become satires by supposing a personal application. Sometimes the reflective form replaces the narrative and the dramatic, and there is then a deep earnestness seldom interrupted by a jest, — rather, says Döderlein, an elegiac expression of indignation, not the caustic manner of Juvenal. Yet it will be hard for Döderlein, even assuming his two exceptions (I. 8 and II. 5), to prove to us that the Satires of Horace are not satires; but easier to show that Horace was more than a satirist, that he belonged to those select ones who only by degrees open themselves to us, disclosing only when we get to be intimate friends the human heart beating under the polish of their wit.

Touching this translation itself a German writer says: "It is a work of art of which Horace would have no need to be ashamed if *he* were a German; that we owe to the æsthetic perception, the refined taste, the congeniality of the author with" — what shall we say? — "*his Urbild.*"

MICHELET is a versatile and a popular author. Whether he writes of History theoretically, discourses philosophically upon Love and Women, or makes the Sea the theme of his speculations, he is always interesting. The manner of his books is peculiar, hence in part the secret of their fascination. He mingles so strangely, and seemingly so unconsciously, the ethereal with the sensual, the ideal with the real, that we are amused at the contrast, even when annoyed and puzzled at its mystification. It seems impossible for him to state facts without enveloping them in the mist of his own theories, nor can he ever be poetical without being oddly practical. Like Ruskin, he is a lover of

Nature, and adorns her with the jewels of his imagery ; but he is by no means so true a worshipper. Like him, too, he delights in fanciful titles to his chapters, and the theories of both are apt to be hobbies ; but Ruskin is always pure and lofty in his flights, while Michelet is "of the earth, earthy." Thus he is too material a philosopher to be a chaste writer, and his books, though they may instruct and interest, do not elevate. The sensuous element is too predominant. Even in *La Mer*,* the last of his translated works, and the one next to his History of most intrinsic value, the sentiment so objectionable in *L'Amour* and *La Femme* is apparent. But this tendency of thought and style of expression is by no means confined to Michelet. It is, with some exceptions, a characteristic of modern French writers. Such authors hardly bear translation. They not only lose their elegance and gracefulness, but often become absolutely gross by the process. Our stern Saxon is not pliable enough to conceal by delicacy of expression coarseness and impurity of thought. And this inflexibility is not to be regretted.

Still *La Mer* appears much better in an English dress than either *L'Amour* or *La Femme*. It is a work of decided merit. It is valuable for its information, and interesting for its speculations, while its vagaries are fascinating, and its descriptions graphic and pleasant. It is surprising that a book of so small a size, and one also so very discursive, should contain so large a collection of facts and incidents. The author has the art of condensation as well as that of selection ; and while he groups the results of the labors of the man of science with the researches of the naturalist, he renders every subject more attractive by the charm of his own brilliant rhetoric.

Of the four books or sections, the second, "The Genesis of the Sea," is the most interesting. The marvellous life of the sea, and its abundant resources, are well and fully illustrated. Indeed, the teeming myriads of the ocean are regarded by Michelet with so absorbing an interest, that, not content with eulogizing their usefulness and beauty, he must needs endow them with soul. The atom, as well as the whale, he thus dignifies ; for example, in speaking of the Medusæ, "the daughters of the sea," he says : "It is the first tender and touching adventure of the new soul going forth without defence from the security of the common life, to be itself an individual, acting and suffering on its own account, — soft sketch of a free nature, an embryo of liberty."

A curious chapter in this section alludes to the "Men and Women of the Sea," — the Sirens, of whom the old poets and romancers sang and wrote. That they were myths, like the Fauns and Satyrs of the Sylvan Age, Michelet doubts. He speaks very gravely of their real existence, and attributes their entire extinction to the hypothesis, that they were treated with great cruelty during the Middle Ages, being regarded as monsters, and consequently exterminated ! In the third book, the

* The Sea (*La Mer*). From the French of M. J. MICHELET. New York : Rudd and Carleton. 1861.

"Progress of the Sea," the great decrease of the whale is proved and deplored, and a call is made upon all nations to proclaim a peace, like that the Swiss granted to the chamois, that the ocean may again teem with the precious species.

The "Restoration of the Sea," though containing many valuable and sensible suggestions, is the weak portion of the volume. Several chapters are out of place, and are manifestly absurd. The picture drawn of the young wife and mother seeking strength from the sea, and the relation of the husband's emotions upon witnessing her restoration, might do excellently well for a provincial *feuilleton*, but in its present position is absurdly out of place.

Much of the scientific information to be found in *La Mer* is derived from "The Physical Geography of the Sea," and Michelet not only fully acknowledges his obligations to Lieut. Maury, but makes frequent and honorable mention of his contributions to science. We quote the commendation of the French historian as an act of justice to one whose scientific claims have been called in question, only regretting that equal justice to the cause of good government and freedom requires us to record our condemnation of a delinquent patriotism, which we must sadly regard as involving treachery also. Referring to the observations upon currents of the air and sea, Michelet says : —

"The latest and most celebrated of these observers, Maury, the American, courageously undertook what a whole administration had recoiled from ; viz. to extract from, and arrange the contents of, I know not what multitude of log-books, those often confused and ill-kept records of the sea-captains. These extracts, reduced into tables, under regular heads, gave in the result rules and generalities. A congress of seamen assembled at Bruxelles decided that the observations, henceforth to be logged with more care, shall be sent from all parts to the Observatory at Washington. A noble compliment that, paid by Europe to young America and her patient and ingenious Maury, the learned poet of the sea. He has not only summed up and exemplified her laws : he has done much more, for, by the force of heart and by love of nature, as much as by positive results, he has carried the whole world with him. His charts and his first work, of which a hundred and fifty thousand copies were printed, are liberally distributed to sailors of all nations by the United States government. A number of eminent men in France and in Holland, Tucot, Jullien, Margole, Zurcher, and others, have made themselves the interpreters, the eloquent missionaries, of this apostle of the sea." — pp. 56, 57.

In spite of its faults, there is more to admire than to censure in *La Mer*, and we can commend it as giving valuable information in a fascinating style.

It has been our hope that the Examiner might escape that unfortunate trap into whose seductions so many of the leading reviews fall, which is baited successively by new editions of "Walpole's Letters." We could name journals which we never open without finding a review of the most worthless period of the most worthless court of the most worthless century of modern history, under the title, "Sir Horace Walpole." So attractive are the lightest letters of a very worthless

man. Without ourselves finding it necessary to review these letters annually, we may say that Mr. Bohn is republishing them in one chronological connection, in the handsome volumes of his "Gentleman's Library." *

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Theism; a Treatise on God, Providence, and Immortality. By John Orr. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 8vo. pp. 406.

The Doctrine of Atonement by the Son of God. By Henry Solly. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 363.

A New Translation of the Book of Job, with an Introduction, and Notes, chiefly explanatory. By George R. Noyes, D. D. Third Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

Unitarian Missionary Papers. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 80.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 476.

History of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 18mo. pp. 316.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 531. (See p. 300.)

Seasons with the Sea-Horses; or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas. By James Lamont, Esq., F. G. S. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 8vo. pp. 282. (See p. 301.)

Carthage and her Remains; being an Account of Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, and other Adjacent Places. Conducted under the Auspices of her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. Davis, F. R. G. S., &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 8vo. pp. 504.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Tom Brown at Oxford; a Sequel to School Days at Rugby. Part II. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 430.

The Same. New York: Harper and Brothers. 18mo. pp. 733.

The Semi-Attached Couple. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 18mo. pp. 360.

The Silent Woman. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 8vo. pp. 178.

* The Letters of HORACE WALPOLE, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In Nine Volumes. Vols. I. and II. London: H. G. Bohn.

EDUCATION.

Primary Object Lessons for a Graduated Course of Development. A Manual for Teachers and Parents, with Lessons for the Proper Training of the Faculties of Children. By N. A. Calkins. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 12mo. pp. 362.

C. Julii Caesaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. Recognovit Geo. Long, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 18mo. pp. 187.

T. Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura. Libri Sex. Recognovit A. I. Munro, M. A. Ibid. pp. 190.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major sive De Senectute, Lælius sive De Amicitia, et Epistolæ Selectæ. Recensuit G. Loring. Ibid. pp. 112.

The Fifth Reader of the School and Family Series. By Marcius Willson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 538.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chimes of Freedom and Union: a Collection of Poems for the Times. By Various Authors. Boston: B. R. Russell. 24mo. pp. 64.

Chambers's Encyclopædia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 32, 33. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Golden Chain; a New Sabbath-school Singing-Book. By William B. Bradbury. New York: Ivison, Phinney, & Co. 1861.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 430. (See p. 282.)

The Metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton, collected, arranged, and abridged for the Use of Colleges and Private Students. By Francis Bowen. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 12mo. pp. 563.

PAMPHLETS.

The Social Significance of our Institutions; an Oration delivered by Request of the Citizens at Newport, R. I., July 4th, 1861. By Henry James. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. pp. 47.